

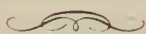
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# THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN

A ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

*With Piano or Orchestral Accompaniment*



Written and Composed by

**ARTHUR A. PENN**

Author and Composer of Yokohama Maid—The China Shop—The Lass of  
Limerick Town—Mam'zelle Taps—Captain Crossbones—Middie Maids—Flowers  
That Bloom in the Spring—Maid of the Mill—  
The Vagabonds, etc., etc.



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## C a s t

SIR CHARLES WORTHINGTON (Light Tenor).....An English Squire  
 LADY WORTHINGTON (Contralto) .....His Wife  
 CAPT. POMEROY WORTHINGTON (Tenor).....Their Son  
 BETTY McCOY }  
 ROSE McCOY } (Sopranos).....Cousins, Wards of the Judge  
 JUDGE HOOLEY (Bass or Baritone).....The Guardian  
 JUSTIN O'FLYNN (Baritone).....An Amorous Attorney  
 MRS. O'FLYNN (Contralto).....His Mother  
 EZRA Q. HICKS (Light Baritone).....An Elderly Yankee Farmer  
 PAT (Baritone) .....An Inn-Keeper  
 MIKE (Light Baritone).....An Ostler  
 MOLLY (Mezzo) .....A Waitress  
 MR. SMITH (Tenor) .....The Coachman  
 MR. PARTINGTON (Baritone).....The Butler

Chorus of Villagers, Guests, Men Servants, Etc.

Act I Outside the "King's Head" Inn, Limerick, Ireland.

(A Week Elapses)

Act II The Entrance Hall of Judge Hooley's Home, Limerick.

Time—Early Summer in the Year 1890.

## C o s t u m e P l o t

SIR CHARLES WORTHINGTON—English Squire about 60 years old, grey dress wig, side whiskers.  
 Act I—Prince Albert Coat, white vest, striped trousers, silk hat. Act II—Same.  
 CAPTAIN POMEROY WORTHINGTON, His Son—Juvenile Lead.  
 Act I—Sack Suit. Act II—Evening clothes.  
 LADY WORTHINGTON—Old style traveling gown, hat, shawl and grey wig.  
 Act I—BETTY McCOY—About 20 years, neat, modern hat, and parasol.  
 ROSE McCOY—Same age, neat, modern hat, and parasol.  
 Act II—Evening dress for both of them.  
 JUDGE HOOLEY, about 60 years—Old style cloth swallow-tail coat, flowered double-breasted vest, trousers to match suit, stock and tie, high hat or conical, grey wig.  
 Act II—Old-fashioned style evening dress, grey wig, no side whiskers.  
 JUSTIN O'FLYNN, An Attorney—About 30 years, similar to Judge, conical hat, evening clothes, no wig.  
 MRS. O'FLYNN, His Mother—A motherly kind of a woman, about 55 years, iron grey hair.  
 Act I—Old-fashioned dress, similar to a woman of the Irish middle class, bonnet.  
 Act II—Old-fashioned evening dress, mittens, and fichu.  
 EZRA Q. HICKS—Elderly Yankee Farmer (Type).  
 Act II—Faded Prince Albert coat, double-breasted vest, trousers, shirt (white), old style stand-up collar, loud tie in a bow, bald wig, chin whiskers, bandanna in pocket.  
 PAT, Innkeeper—Middle age, trousers, flowered vest, white shirt, collar and tie, apron without bib.  
 MIKE, an Ostler—Moleskin coat, vest, riding breeches, shirt, moleskin leggings.  
 MOLLY, Waitress—Black maid's dress, white collar, and cuffs, white apron.  
 MR. SMITH, Coachman—Doorman's coat, white breeches, high hat, fairtops.  
 MR. PARTINGTON, Butler—Old style dress coat, striped vest, trousers, bald wig, side whiskers.  
 CHORUS—Act I—Irish peasants, men and women.  
 Act II—Guests at party of Judge Hooley, evening dress. Men and women and a couple of liveried servants with court wigs to dress the scene.

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## ARGUMENT.

Sir Charles Worthington had promised his old friend, Donovan McCoy, when the latter lay dying, that his son, Pomeroy, should marry McCoy's daughter, Rose, when the son should come of age. He regarded this promise as sacred, and was fully determined that his son should carry it out. Any objections the son might have entertained to this arrangement were rendered futile owing to the fact that shortly before the action of the Opera begins, Rose McCoy, as the elder of two nieces, had been left quite a fortune by a rich uncle in America. Rose has a cousin, Betty. The two live together in Betty's birthplace, Limerick Town, under the guardianship of Judge Hooley. Both girls were born on the same day—the 24th of May, 1872. But Rose is a few hours the elder, and thus inherits the rich American uncle's money, while Betty is left with nothing but her looks.

The Captain comes of age and is sent by his father to Limerick to win the hand and heart of Rose. He has seen neither of the cousins, but has a strong sense of duty. Besides, his family needs the money. He has heard of similar situations before, and determines he will be smart enough to meet this one. Rose herself strongly suspects his motives to be more mercenary than amorous, and she arranges therefore to change places with Betty, thinking thus to trap the young officer by making him woo the wrong girl and thus showing up the hollowness of his affection. But the Captain, who prides himself on his shrewdness, has quite made up his mind, ere he arrives in Limerick, that this is just exactly what the cousins *will* do. Thus he appears on the scene determined to woo whichever one of the cousins appears to be the girl without funds. He therefore addresses his attentions to Rose (masquerading as Betty), much to her astonishment, although from the moment of his arrival the Captain actually falls in love quite hopelessly with the real Betty, who is now apparently Rose and rich. Rose gets hold of a letter from Sir Charles to his son, and the contents so enrage her that she scorns the Captain's advances, accuses him of merely seeking the money and not the maid, and says that if that be really his object, he had better lose no time in trying his fortune with "her cousin Rose"—meaning, of course, Betty. The Captain, delighted, takes her advice and eventually wins Betty. His real attachment to her has made him forget his suspicions that the girls have changed places with one another, and when this is brought to his recollection by the discovery that Betty is a pauper, he is in despair and wonders how he can ever marry her in face of his father's opposition. Presently, Sir Charles and his wife arrive with a retinue of servants, and both are amazed and angry at the turn of affairs. They denounce the Captain and immediately prepare to return home in high dudgeon.

A sort of deadlock ensues. It is unexpectedly broken by the sudden arrival of an elderly gentleman who says he is Ezra Q. Hicks, an eccentric New England retired farmer. By quotations from his Diary, which he has kept religiously for sixty years, and by means of a very ingenious twist which constitutes the surprising and delightful climax of the story, Mr. Hicks proves conclusively that it is Betty, and not Rose, who is the elder of the cousins, and therefore heiress to the American uncle's fortune. Thus all ends satisfactorily, and even Rose finds consolation in the arms of her hitherto unsuccessful suitor, Justin O'Flynn.

## Musical Numbers

“Each musical number in this score is metronome marked. Some of the numbers have two or three markings at various points. In order to get the real effect of the music, each tempo thus indicated should be strictly adhered to.”

### ACT I

OVERTURE .....	5
1 OPENING CHORUS .....Lads and Lassies	10
SONG—Pat.....I Am the Landlord	
CHORUS.....As We Drink to Your Health	
2 SONG—Mike .....	33
3 DUET—Judge Hooley and Rose.....	36
4 SONG—Rose .....	39
5 CHORUS .....	44
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7 DUET—Betty and Rose .....	56
8 QUINTET—Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Justin and Judge Hooley .....	61
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13 FINALE ACT I.....	91

### ACT II

14 OPENING SOLOS and CHORUS.....	110
15 TRIO—Rose, Betty and Capt. Worthington.....	122
15a LETTER THEME—Rose .....	126
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19 DUET—Sir Charles and Lady Worthington.....	141
20 SONG—Ezra Q. Hicks The Well-Known Farmer with the Spondulix	145
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# The Lass Of Limerick Town

## Overture

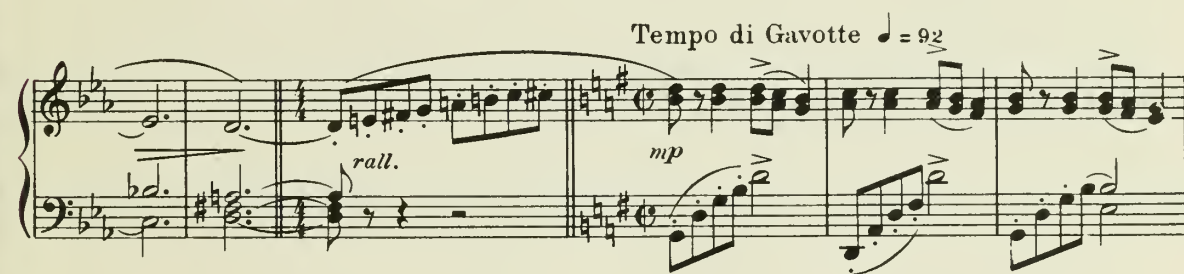
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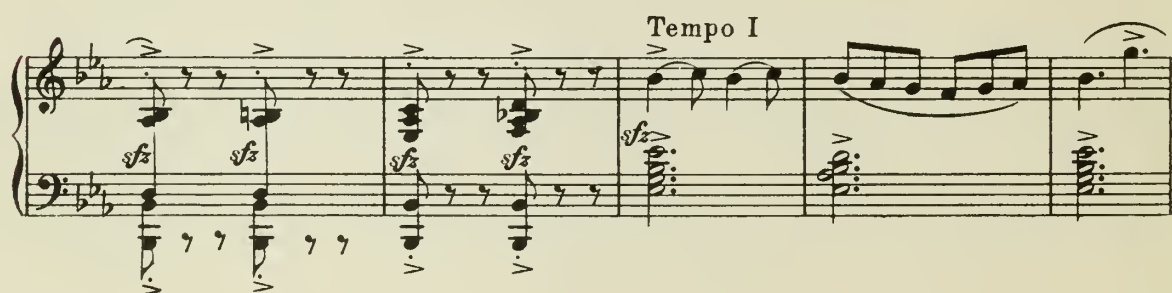
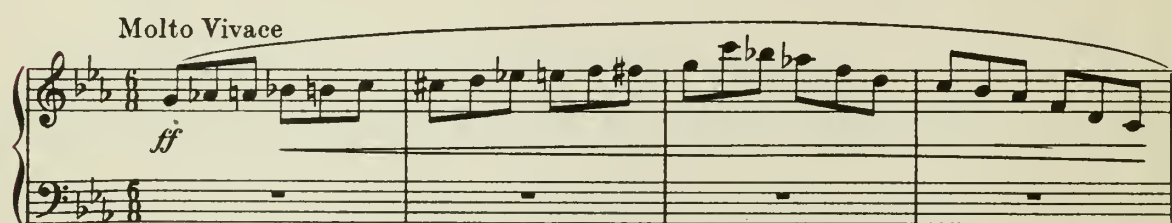
Allegretto con moto ♩ = 120

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. The first system is marked *mf* and the fifth system is marked *mp*. The music is in 3/4 time and key of B-flat major. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.













Attacca No. 1.

## Opening Chorus And Solos

## No. 1.

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 104$ SOPRANO  
ALTO

Lads and lass-ies play to-geth-er, This is a hol-i-day;

TENOR

Lads and lass-ies play to-geth-er, This is a hol-i-day;—

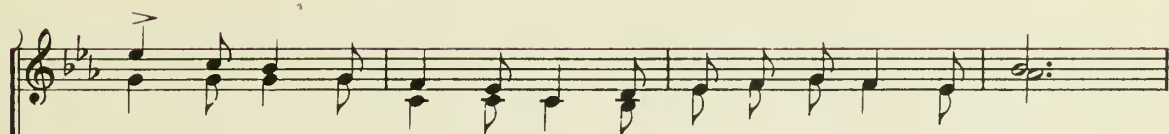
BASS

*sfz* *mf*

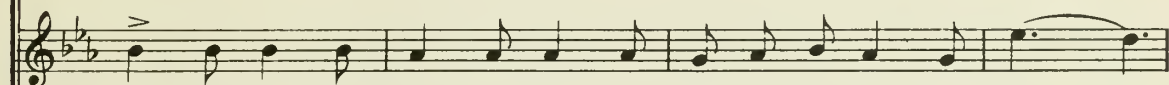
Skies are blu-er, hearts are tru-er, Trou-bles few-er, Say!—

Skies are blu-er, hearts are tru-er, Trou-bles few-er, Say!—





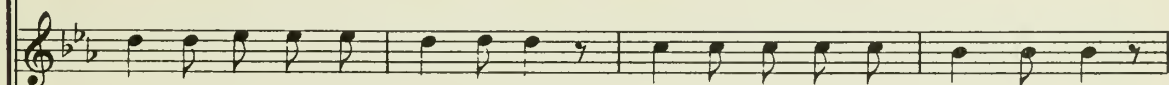
When it's fine and sun - ny weath - er, Lim - er - ick Town is gay.



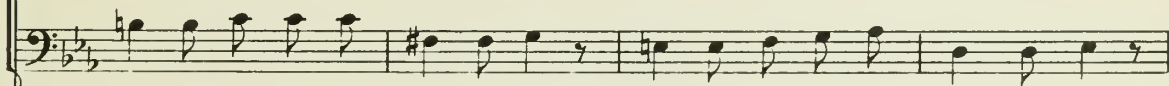
When it's fine and sun - ny weath - er, Lim - er - ick Town is gay. —



All to-geth - er, now hip hoo-ray! Bless the weather, that's what we say!



All to-geth - er, now hip hoo-ray! Bless the weather, that's what we say!



Sum-mer's com-ing to Lim-rick Town,

Win-ter's gone with its

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat). It contains the lyrics 'Sum-mer's com-ing to Lim-rick Town,' and 'Win-ter's gone with its'. Below the vocal line are two piano staves (treble and bass clef) in the same key signature. The piano part features long, flowing melodic lines with many ties. There are two 'Ah!' vocalizations indicated by horizontal lines.

*mp* *f*

The piano accompaniment for the first system. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in the key of B-flat major. The music is characterized by long, sweeping melodic lines with numerous ties, creating a sense of continuous motion. Dynamic markings include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *f* (forte).

ug - ly frown,

In the bright sun - shine\_

\_\_\_\_\_ In the bright sun - shine\_

\_\_\_\_\_ In the bright sun - shine\_

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line has a 'ug - ly frown,' lyric. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic long, tied notes. There are two 'In the bright sun - shine\_' lyrics, each preceded by a horizontal line.

*mp* *ff* *fff*

The piano accompaniment for the second system. It continues the piano part from the first system. The music features long, tied notes and some more active passages. Dynamic markings include *mp* (mezzo-piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *fff* (fortississimo).



— We will mer-ri - ly sing, ————— Win-ter's gone with its

— We will mer-ri - ly Summer's com-ing to Lim'rick Town, Sing, —————

*mp* *pp*

ug - ly frown; Wel - come sum - mer, Win-ter's gone with its ug - ly frown,

— Wel - come sum - mer, Win-ter's gone with its ug - ly frown,

— Summer's coming to Lim'rick Town,

*mf*

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Sing glad - ly

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Win-ter's gone with its ug - ly frown

Wel - come to sum - mer Sing glad - ly

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. A *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking is present in the right hand.

sing! Lim - 'rick Town!

sing! Lim - 'rick Town!

Sum-mer's com - ing to Lim - 'rick Town!

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand has chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand has a rhythmic bass line. A *fff* (fortississimo) dynamic marking is present in the left hand.

*cresc.*

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand has chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand has a rhythmic bass line. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present in the left hand.



Lads and lass-ies play to-gether, This is a hol-i-day;

Lads and lass-ies play to-gether, This is a hol-i-day;—

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with a dash at the end. The piano accompaniment features chords and eighth notes.

Skies are blu-er, hearts are tru-er, Trou-bles few-er, Say!—

Skies are blu-er, hearts are tru-er, Trou-bles few-er, Say!—

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with a dash at the end. The piano accompaniment features chords and eighth notes.

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When it's fine and sun - ny weath - er, Lim - er - ick Town is gay.

When it's fine and sun - ny weath - er, Lim - er - ick Town is gay. ———

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The second staff is another vocal line in treble clef, providing a harmony for the first line. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. Dynamic markings include *fz* (forzando) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

All to - geth - er, now hip hoo - ray! Bless the weath - er, that's what we say!

All to - geth - er, now hip hoo - ray! Bless the weath - er, that's what we say!

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal melody. The second staff provides a harmony for the second line of the song. The third staff is the piano accompaniment, which continues with the eighth-note pattern. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) for the second line of the song. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte).



Sum-mer's com-ing to Lim-rick Town,

Win - ter's gone with its

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

*mp**f*

ug - ly frown;

In the bright sun -

In the bright sun -

*mp**f*

shine — We will mer - ri - ly sing, —

shine — We will mer - ri - ly Sum - mer's com - ing to Lim - rick Town,

*fffz* *mp*

Win - ter's gone with its ug - ly frown; Wel - come Sum - mer,

Sing, — Wel - come Sum - mer,

Sum - mer's com - ing to Lim - rick Town,

*pp* *mf*



Lads and lass-ies, come and

Lads and lass-ies come out and play, On this jol-ly old hol-i-day,

Come!

*cresc.*

play, come, Time soon pass-es, so lads and lass-ies now

Ev-'ry-bod-y be glad and gay, Time soon pass-es, so lads and lass-ies now

*ff*

musical score for a vocal and piano piece, page 20. The score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time.

The vocal part consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "dance, ah, dance!"

The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands. It features various dynamics and articulations:

- mf* (mezzo-forte) is marked in the first system of the piano part.
- f* (forte) is marked in the second system of the piano part.
- sfz* (sforzando) is marked in the third system of the piano part.
- mf* (mezzo-forte) is marked in the fourth system of the piano part.
- The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction *8... attacca*.



Moderato  $\text{♩} = 160$ 

PAT.

MIKE

Good morn-ing, folks! I give you heart-y greet-ing! I won-der if that's

*mf**accel.*

all he's goin' to give 'em!

*mf accel.*

Moderato

PAT.  $\text{♩} = 160$ 

I am the land-lord of this inn, And

*ben marcato mp*

I'm a gen-er-ous fel-low, To cel-e-brate we'll now be-gin With

(To Mike)

ale that's mild and mel - low. Go fetch the tankards from the bar, And fill them to the

*poco rit.*

top, sir! They tell me that some folk there are Who nev - er touch a drop, sir!

*poco rit.*

*A little faster*

**CHORUS**

A drop, sir! A drop, sir! They nev - er touch a drop, sir! Weak

A drop, sir! A drop, sir! They nev - er touch a drop, sir! Weak

*f più accel.*



tea is all they ev - er drink, Un - less it's gin - ger - pop, sir!

tea is all they ev - er drink, Un - less it's gin - ger - pop, sir!

The first system consists of three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 6/8 time. The lyrics are "tea is all they ev - er drink, Un - less it's gin - ger - pop, sir!" repeated on both vocal staves.

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 88$  PAT.

I am the land-lord,

*mf* *mf meno mosso* *a tempo*

The second system begins with a tempo marking "Moderato" and a metronome marking "♩ = 88". It includes a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "I am the land-lord,". The piano part features dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte), *mf meno mosso* (mezzo-forte, less motion), and *a tempo* (at the tempo). The system ends with a repeat sign.

and I think That I'm a gen - er - ous fel - low, This is my treat, so

The third system continues the musical piece with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "and I think That I'm a gen - er - ous fel - low, This is my treat, so". The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes.

all may drink My health in ale that's mel - low. The sol - emn truth I

can't de - ny: This is the way I skin 'em! Those tankards would - n't hurt a fly, Be -

*poco rit.*

cause there's noth - ing in 'em!

*mf accel.*

**CHORUS**

*♩ = 144* **Valse**

As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir, We are

As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir, We are

*mf*



quick to see Your gen - er - os - i - ty. And we think that our

quick to see Your gen - er - os - i - ty. And we think that our

The first system consists of three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "quick to see Your gen - er - os - i - ty. And we think that our".

thirst at the worst, good sir, Will be sat - is - fied, Al-though there's not a

thirst at the worst, good sir, Will be sat - is - fied, Al-though there's not a

The second system also consists of three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "thirst at the worst, good sir, Will be sat - is - fied, Al-though there's not a". There are "rit." markings above the vocal staves and below the piano accompaniment in the final measures.

*a tempo*

drop in - side! As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir, We are

drop in - side! As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir, We are

*fa tempo*

quick to see Your gen - er - os - i - ty. And we think that our

quick to see Your gen - er - os - i - ty. — And we think that our



thirst at the worst, good sir, Will be sat - is - fied, Al-though there's not a

thirst at the worst, good sir, Will be sat - is - fied, Al-though there's not a

*rit.*

*ff*

*rit.*

drop in - side!

drop in - side!

*Allegretto*  
♩ = 104

*ff*

*f*

*sf*

drop in - side!

## Tempo I


Lads and lass-ies play to-geth-er, This is a hol-i - day; .Skies are blu - er,

Lads and lass-ies play to-geth-er, This is a hol-i - day; — Skies are blu - er,

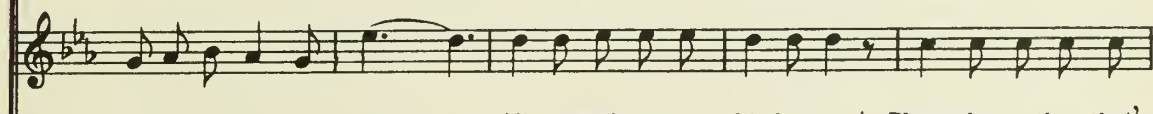
hearts are tru - er, Trou - bles few-er, Say! — When it's fine and sun-ny weath-er,

hearts are tru - er, Trou - bles few-er, Say! When it's fine and sun-ny weath-er,





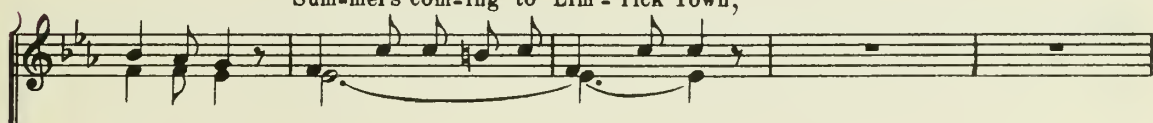
Lim-er-ick Town is gay. All to-geth-er, now hip hoo-ray! Bless the weather, that's




Lim-er-ick Town is gay. — All to-geth-er, now hip hoo-ray! Bless the weather, that's




Sum-mer's com-ing to Lim-'rick Town,



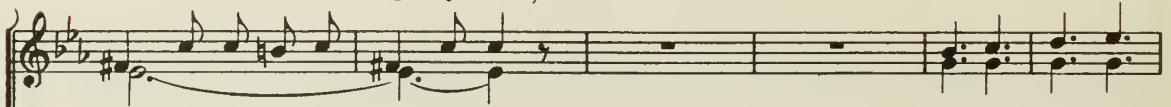
what we say! Ah! \_\_\_\_\_



what we say! Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

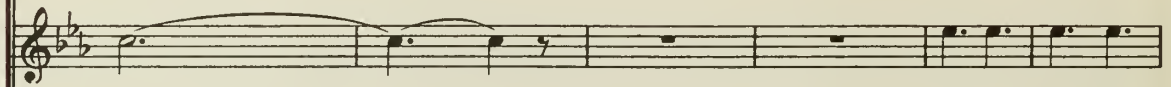



Win - ter's gone with its ug - ly frown,



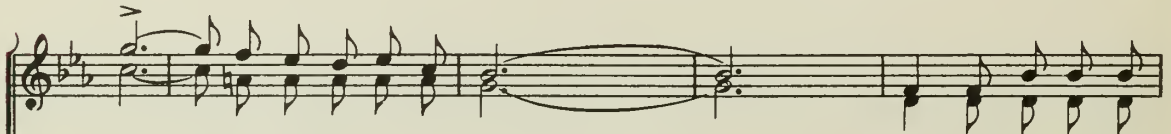
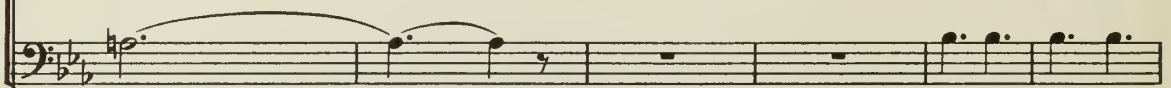
Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

In the bright sun -



Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

In the bright sun -



shine— We will mer-ri - ly sing, \_\_\_\_\_

Win - ter's gone with its



shine— We will mer-ri - ly Summer's coming to Lim-rick Town, Sing, \_\_\_\_\_





ug - ly frown; Wel - come Sum - mer, Lads and lass - ies,  
 Wel - come Sum - mer, Lads and lass-ies come out and play,  
 Sum-mer's com-ing to Lim'rick Town, Come! \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *cresc.*

come and play, Come, Time soon passes, so,  
 On this jol-ly old hol - i - day, Ev-'ry-bod-y be glad and gay, Time soon passes, so,

*fff*

lads and lass-ies, now dance, ah, dance!

lads and lass-ies, now dance, ah, dance!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two vocal staves at the top, both with the lyrics "lads and lass-ies, now dance, ah, dance!". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *fff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The score is divided into several systems, with the piano part providing a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.



## Molly Mine

SONG  
Mike

No. 2

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 132$ 

Me  
I

heart is pal - pi - ta - tin', Mol - ly mine, A -  
can - not eat me din - ner, Mol - ly mine; They

gainst me ribs 'tis bat - in', Mol - ly mine! I  
say I'm get - tin' thin - ner, Mol - ly mine! I've

can - not sleep o' nights at all, For think - in' of what might be - fal, If  
of - ten said, "Tis ver - y plain, I'd soon be quite me - silf a - gain, If

*cresc.*

you should keep me wait - in', Mol - ly mine!  
on - ly I could win her! Mol - ly mine!"

*f* *ff*

*Red.* \*

Tempo di Valse ♩ = 66

Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine, That's what you

*mf* *f*

ought to be! Mine a - lone, all my



own, Wed - ded for life to me, Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly

*poco rit.* *mf a tempo*

mine, Mol - ly mine! Daint - y, de - mure, di - vine!

*ten.* Oh, tell me true, Say that you will be Mol - ly

1st Verse

mine! *D.S.* Mol - ly mine!

2nd Verse

*mf*

## Tick - Tock!

DUET

Judge Hooley and Rose

No. 3

Molto moderato  $\text{♩} = 140$  HOOLEY

In Eight-teen hun-dred and Sev-en - ty-Two, The

twen - ty - fourth of May, There were two charm - ing ba-bies who Were

ROSE HOOLEY

born that self - same day. And one was Cou - sin Bet - ty? Yes! 'Tis

ROSE HOOLEY

just as you sup - pose! The oth - er new ar - ri - val was? Your -

*mf* *rit.* *ff*



self, my charm - ing Rose! But you were born at five o' - clock, 'Tis

*ff* *mf a tempo*

thus Fate plays her tricks! Your cou - sin Bet - ty was de - layed Un -

*mp*

*Ad.* \*

til the clock struck six, The clock struck Six!

*molto. rall.*  
(Clock)

BOTH. *In strict time* HOOLEY BOTH

Tick - tock! Tick - tock! One-two-three-four-five! (one-two-three-four-five!) Tick - tock!

*mf a tempo*  
*sempre stacc.*

ROSE BOTH

Tick - tock! Five saw [me] ar-rive! (saw me ar-rive!) Tick - tock! Tick - tock!

*mf*

HOOLEY BOTH

Here's the point that sticks! (Here's the point for) There was just a dif-f'rence pet-ty 'Twixt [my - your]

*mp*

*Dec.* \*

self and cou - sin Bet - ty, For Bet - ty did - n't show her - self till

Six! (Six, Six!) Bet - ty did - n't show her - self till Six!

*f*



## Was Ever Fate So Cruel As Mine?

SONG

Rose

No 4

Allegretto moderato  $\text{♩} = 168$ 

Was ev - er fate so cruel as mine! My

feel - ings I can't mas - ter. Some wick - ed in - flu - ence ma - lign Seems

lead - ing to dis - as - ter! Oh, cou - sin Bet - ty! Would that she were

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato' with a quarter note equal to 168 beats per minute. The first system begins with a vocal line starting on a whole note, followed by a piano introduction. The piano part features a strong 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic in the left hand and a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'feel - ings I can't mas - ter. Some wick - ed in - flu - ence ma - lign Seems'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The third system concludes the phrase with 'lead - ing to dis - as - ter! Oh, cou - sin Bet - ty! Would that she were'. The piano part continues with a similar harmonic texture, ending with a final chord.

just a few hours old - er! She'd bear these tri - als cheer - ful - ly, As

*rit.*

I have oft - en told her!

*p molto rall.*

Grazioso legato ♩ = 126

The po - ets write in reams and reams of mea - sured rhyme, — Of love and

du - ty, — and faith and beau - ty. — They seem to spend most of their ef - forts and their



time — On thes ro - man - tic — that drive me fran-tic! Their he - roes al - ways

*cresc.* *p rit.* *mf*

"steal a heart a-way" (Which fits my own case nice - ly)

*rit.* *a tempo*

I have no heart to give to an - y - one, (That states the truth pre - cise-ly!)

*rit.* *mp colla voce*

*Red.* \*

*L'istesso tempo*

If ev - er heart was stole a-way, Ere love had time to

*ff*

tame it, That heart is mine, and come what may, I still in-tend to claim it! If

Cap - tain Pom - er - oy I wed, I'll see that he's ar - rest - ed; For

thus re - ceiv - ing sto - len goods He'll not go un - mo - lest - ed!

Recit.  
But hark! I hear the crowd ap - proach-ing! I'll nev-er let them see that I am



wor-ried! Ah! 'Tis Cou-sin Bet-ty!

*accel.*

*fff*

*accel.*

**Allegro con moto** ♩ = 166  
(Chorus Enters)

*f*

*ff*

*ff*

*f*

*ff*

*Attacca N° 5*

## Betty Is A Darling

Chorus

No 5

Moderato con moto ♩ = 138

CHORUS

Bet - ty is a darl - ing, Bet - ty's full of fun; —

Bet - ty is a darl - ing, Bet - ty's full of fun; —

*mf*

Bet - ty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev - 'ry - one! —

Bet - ty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev - 'ry - one! —

*ff*





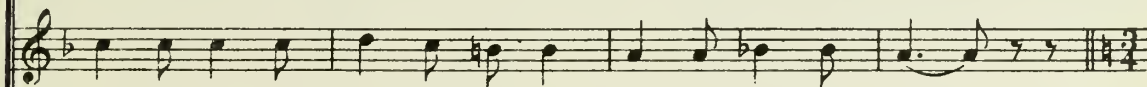
Bet - ty's so good - na - tured, She nev - er wears a frown;—



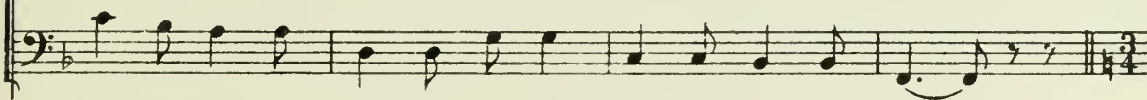
Bet - ty's so good - na - tured, She nev - er wears a frown;—



Bet - ty is the one and on - ly lass of Lim - 'rick Town!—



Bet - ty is the one and on - ly lass of Lim - 'rick Town!—



Tempo di Valse  $\text{♩} = 66$

46

TENORS

BASSES

Ev - 'ry man a - mong us, Ev - 'ry

The first system of the musical score. It includes staves for Tenors and Basses, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Ev - 'ry man a - mong us, Ev - 'ry". The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

sin - gle boy, Wants to mar - ry Bet -

The second system of the musical score. It includes staves for Tenors and Basses, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "sin - gle boy, Wants to mar - ry Bet -". The piano part continues the melody and bass line from the first system.

ty, Sweet lit - tle Bet - ty Mc - Coy!

The third system of the musical score. It includes staves for Tenors and Basses, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "ty, Sweet lit - tle Bet - ty Mc - Coy!". The piano part continues the melody and bass line from the previous systems.



## SOPRANOS and ALTOS

If you mar - ry Bet - ty, What will be -

come

of us?

## TENORS

None of us can

## BASSES

mar - ry Bet - ty, So, girls, don't make a fuss!

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN  
ENTERTAINMENTS  
AMATEUR MINSTRELSY  
SENT FREE



OPERETTAS  
CANTATAS PLAYS  
SONGS JOKES MONOLOGS  
ON REQUEST

Moderato con moto

48

Bet - ty is a darl - ing, Bet - ty's full of fun;—

Bet - ty is a darl - ing, Bet - ty's full of fun;—

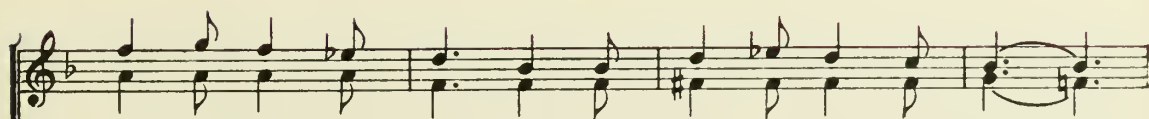
*mf*

Bet - ty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev - 'ry - one!—

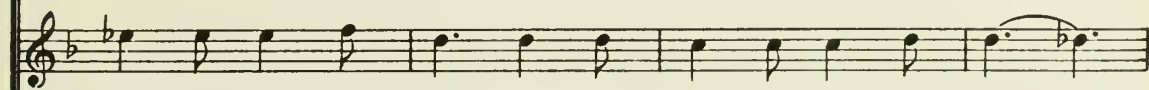
Bet - ty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev - 'ry - one!—

*ff*

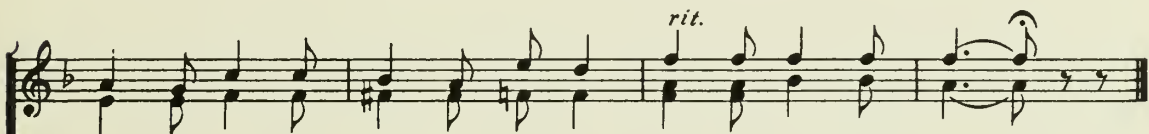




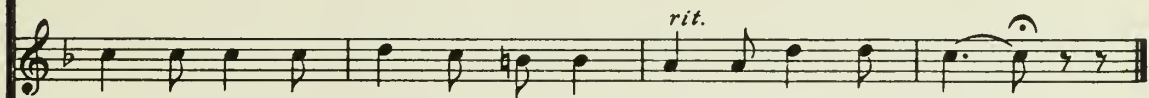
Bet - ty's so good - na - tured, She nev - er wears a frown;—



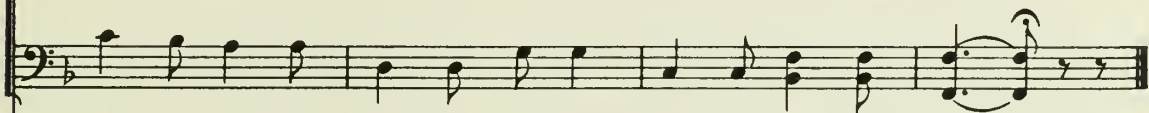
Bet - ty's so good - na - tured, She nev - er wears a frown;—



Bet - ty is the one and on - ly lass of Lim - 'rick Town!—



Bet - ty is the one and on - ly lass of Lim - rick Town!—



## Betty McCoy

SONG

Betty and Chorus

No 6

Allegretto grazioso  $\text{♩} = 80$

I've a

big re - pu - ta - tion for much an - i - ma - tion, They say I am nev - er at

rest! — I've e - ven heard ru - mors that most of my hu - mors Are the



kind that most peo - ple like best! \_\_\_\_\_ Folks all like me a - round 'em; That's

'cause I have found 'em A - gree - ble and pleas - ant to me; \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, it's

ea - sy to get on with folks who are set on Con - tri - ving how sweet they can be! \_\_\_\_\_

*ten.*

*p rit. legato*

Still, I'm glad that I'm Bet - ty Mc - Coy! (Mc - Coy!) I'm

*a tempo*

(CHORUS) SOLO

*ff*

(CHORUS)

SOLO

*poco rit.*  $\wedge$ 

glad I'm a girl, not a boy! (A boy!) "I love you, Ma-vour-neen!" said

*poco rit.*

(CHORUS)

SOLO

*ten.*

some one this morn - in', To hear them just say it was joy! (Joy, joy!) Life

*a tempo*

*a tempo*

*ff* *f*

*poco rit.*

is - n't all sun - ny, or hon - ey, or mon - ey, In gold there is oft - en al -

loy! — But en - joy all the zest of it, just make the best of it!



*più accel.*

Good for you, Bet-ty Mc - Coy!— She is glad that she's Bet - ty Mc -

Good for you, Bet-ty Mc - Coy!— She is glad that she's Ret - ty Mc -

*ff**fff**più accel.*

BETTY

*poco rit.*

Coy! She's glad she's a girl, not a boy! "I love you, Ma-vour-neen!" said

Coy! She's glad she's a girl, not a boy!

*ff**mf**poco rit.*

**BETTY** **CHORUS**  
*a tempo*

some one this morn in'; To hear them just say it was joy! Life

To hear them just say it was joy! Life

*a tempo* *ff* *f*

*poco rit.*

is - n't all sun-ny, or hon - ey, or mon-ey, In gold there is oft-en al -

is - n't all sun-ny, or hon - ey, or mon-ey, In gold there is oft-en al -

*b*



## BETTY (SOLO)

loy! ——— But en - joy all the zest of it, just make the best of it!

loy! ———

Best of it!

*a tempo*

Good for you, Bet-ty Mc - Coy! ——— So says Miss Bet-ty Mc - Coy! ———

*a tempo*

Good for you, Bet-ty Mc - Coy! ——— So says Miss Bet-ty Mc - Coy! ———

*a tempo*

*ff a tempo*

*sfz*

*rall.*

*Ad.*

\*

## Wealth And Poverty

DUET

Betty and Rose

No 7

Molto moderato  $\text{♩} = 120$ 

BETTY

Be - hold in me a rich la - dy! The

ROSE

gal-lants all will soon be kneel-ing at my feet! In me you see grim

po - ver - ty, This sud-den me-ta-mor-pho-sis is quite com - plete!



(BETTY)

Most peo - ple that I've met are al - ways

wor - ry - ing a - bout Just how they'll spend the le - ga - cy they pray for. That's a

prob - lem I shan't try to solve, For on my hus - band will de - volve the

plea - sant task of spend - ing all I pay for!

(BOTH) Moderato ♩ = 116

Oh, a lack of hu - mor sure - ly you dis-play if you're

stuck up be-cause your rich; For when with mon - ey you are blest, You

sel - dom get a mo - ment's rest, Al-though to spend it all you sim - ply

itch! But you can't make up your mind to spend it wise-ly, and you find, too, That it



does - n't buy the things you want the most (the most.) Where - as

folks who're pen - ni-less Nev - er suf - fer such dis - tress, What they

*rit.*

*colla voce*

*a tempo*

owe, Not what they have, is all their boast

*sfz*

DANCE  
Allegretto ♩ = 126

*mp*





# Hey-Diddle-Diddle, Oh, Here Is A Riddle

QUINTET

No 8

Betty and Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Judge Hooley, and Justin

*Allegretto* ♩ = 88

BETTY and ROSE

JUSTIN

Mrs O'FLYNN

HOOLEY

Hey did-dle - did-dle, oh,

Hey did-dle - did-dle, oh,

Hey did-dle - did-dle, oh,

Hey did-dle - did-dle, oh,

*Allegretto*

*mf*

here is a rid-dle, Can an - y - one guess at the an - swer? Such

here is a rid-dle, Can an - y - one guess at the an - swer? Such

here is a rid-dle, Can an - y - one guess at the an - swer? Such

here is a rid-dle, Can an - y - one guess at the an - swer? Such

plain con-tra-dic-tion re - sem-bles the fic-tion Of some lit-er - ar - y ro -

plain con-tra-dic-tion re - sem-bles the fic-tion Of some lit-er - ar - y ro -

plain con-tra-dic-tion re - sem-bles the fic-tion Of some lit-er - ar - y ro -

plain con-tra-dic-tion re - sem-bles the fic-tion Of some lit-er - ar - y ro -

man - cer! These mixed up re - la-tions re - quire lots of pa-tience, But

man - cer! These mixed up re - la-tions re - quire lots of pa-tience, But

man - cer! These mixed up re - la-tions re - quire lots of pa-tience, But

man - cer! These mixed up re - la-tions re - quire lots of pa-tience, But

*mf*



doubt-less there's sense at the bot - tom; Lots of an-swars to puz-zles re -

doubt-less there's sense at the bot - tom; Lots of an-swars to puz-zles re -

doubt-less there's sense at the bot - tom; Lots of an-swars to puz-zles re -

doubt-less there's sense at the bot - tom; Lots of an-swars to puz-zles re -

quire men-tal tus-sles, Tho' they're sim - ple as day when you've got 'em!

quire men-tal tus-sles, Tho' they're sim - ple as day when you've got 'em!

quire men-tal tus-sles, Tho' they're sim - ple as day when you've got 'em!

quire men-tal tus-sles, Tho' they're sim - ple as day when you've got 'em!

Molto moderato  $\text{♩} = 64$   
HOOLEY

Mrs. O'FLYNN

Andantino

My charm-ing wards, I do im-plore, — They make me

*mf*

JUSTIN

HOOLEY

Mrs. O'FLYNN

sore! — What's all this for? — Won't you ex-plain this mys-ter-y? — It's Greek to

JUSTIN

ROSE

*a tempo*

BETTY

me! — As you may see! They seem quite hope-less-ly non-plussed! — Ex-plain we

*f*

ROSE

BETTY and ROSE  
*poco accel*

must! — 'Tis on-ly just! — We have real-ly no ob-jec-tion to ex-

*f poco accel*



*poco rit.*

plain, in this con-ec-tion, For there's noth-ing in our scheme you need dis-trust! \_\_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 144$

Rose is Bet-ty and Bet-ty is Rose, That's the se-cret we now dis-close!

*mf*

ROSE

I'm poor Bet-ty, 'cause I don't itch To be mar-ried just be-cause I'm rich!

BETTY

I am Rose, with her bank ac-count, Sim-ply to make the Cap-tain mount

*poco rit.*

High on the lad-der of ex - pec - tan - cy, Think-ing, poor fel - low, that he'll

*cresc.* *colla voce*

HOOLEY Mrs. O'FLYNN and JUSTIN

*rit.* mar - ry me! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

*f* *rit.*

*a tempo*

Cle-ver lit-tle girl-ies, to be sure! Such a plan was ne - ver tried be - fore!

*mf a tempo*

ROSE BETTY

Please re - mem-ber I am Bet! I am Rose, now don't for-get!



## BETTY and ROSE

We must nev - er that im - por - tant fact ig - nore! Fact ig - nore!

## JUSTIN

We must nev - er that im - por - tant fact ig - nore! Fact ig - nore!

## Mrs. O'FLYNN

We must nev - er that im - por - tant fact ig - nore! Fact ig - nore!

## HOOLEY

We must nev - er that im - por - tant fact ig - nore! Fact ig - nore!



*rit.*  
Nev - er more! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*rit.*  
Nev - er more! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*rit.*  
Nev - er more! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*rit.*  
Nev - er more! Ha! ha! ha! ha! haw! haw! haw!

*f rall*

*a tempo*

Cle-ver lit-tle girl - ies, to be sure! Such a plan was nev - er tried be-fore!

*a tempo*

Cle-ver lit-tle girl - ies, to be sure! Such a plan was nev - er tried be-fore!

*a tempo*

Cle-ver lit-tle girl - ies, to be sure! Such a plan was nev - er tried be-fore!

*a tempo*

Cle-ver lit-tle girl - ies, to be sure! Such a plan was nev - er tried be-fore!

*ffa tempo*

*molto rit.*

Rose is Bet-ty, and Bet-ty is Rose, That's the way the sto - ry goes!

*molto rit.*

Rose is Bet-ty, and Bet-ty is Rose, That's the way the sto - ry goes!

*molto rit.*

Rose is Bet-ty, and Bet-ty is Rose, That's the way the sto - ry goes!

*molto rit.*

Rose is Bet-ty, and Bet-ty is Rose, That's the way the sto - ry goes!

*molto rit.*



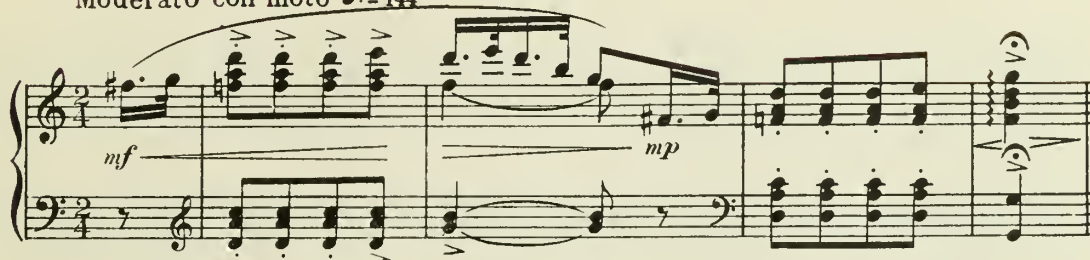
# "What Fun!"

TRIO

No 9

Judge Hooley, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn

Moderato con moto ♩ = 144



JUSTIN

It's a world of con - tra - dic - tions and of par - a - dox - es,

HOOLEY

World of con - tra - dic - tions and of par - a - dox - es,

Mrs. O'FLYNN

It's a world of con - tra - dic - tions and of par - a - dox - es,



too; Youth is fool - ish, youth is wise, Youth sees things with dif - f'rent

too; Youth is fool - ish, youth is wise, Youth sees things with dif - f'rent

too; Youth is fool - ish, youth is wise, Youth sees things with dif - f'rent



eyes. Age is of - ten fool - ish al - so, but 'tis most - ly ser - i -

eyes. Age is of - ten fool - ish al - so, but 'tis most - ly ser - i -

eyes. Age is of - ten fool - ish al - so, but 'tis most - ly ser - i -

ous, And the ways of young - er folk Some-times seem mys-ter - i - ous!

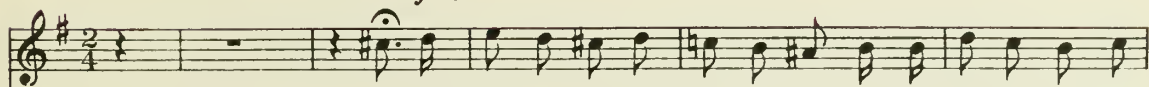
ous, And the ways of young - er folk Some-times seem mys-ter - i - ous!—

ous, And the ways of young - er folk Some-times seem mys-ter - i - ous!

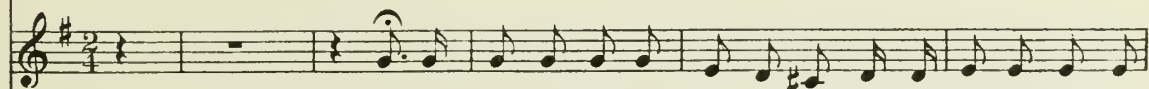
*cresc.*

*f*

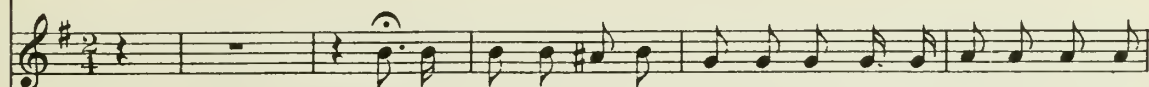


*Not fast*

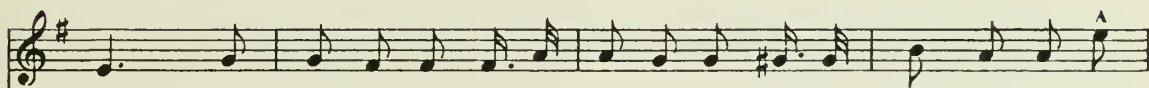
Oh, when eyes are dim-ming fast with age, When the turn-ing gray's be-



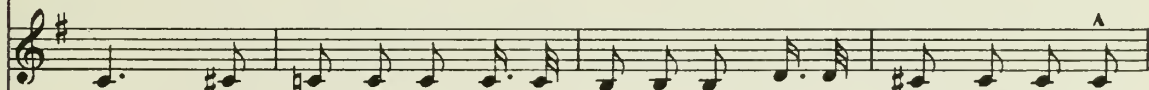
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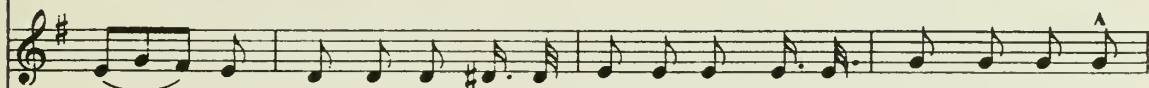
Oh, when eyes are dim-ming fast with age, When the turn-ing gray's be-



gun, They look a-head with a sort of dread, But the young folks cry, "What



gun, They look a-head with a sort of dread, But the young folks cry, "What



gun, — They look a-head with a sort of dread, But the young folks cry, "What



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN  
OCTAVO MUSIC  
NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS  
TWO, THREE AND FOUR PART SONGS  
ARRANGED FOR MALE, FEMALE AND MIXED VOICES



fun!"— Oh, hap - py, hap - py youth that al - ways Trou - ble seems to

fun!"— Oh, hap - py, hap - py youth that al - ways Trou - ble seems to

fun!"— Oh, hap - py, hap - py youth that al - ways Trou - ble seems to

*inf a tempo*

*rit.* *a tempo*  
shun, Age en-vies you and wish - es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"

*rit.* *a tempo*  
shun, Age en-vies you and wish - es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"

*rit.* *a tempo*  
shun, Age en-vies you and wish - es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"

*rit.* *cresc.* *f*



## DANCE (A little faster)

*mf*

JUSTIN *rit.* *a tempo*

Age en-vies you and wish-es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"—

JUDGE HOOLEY *rit.* *a tempo*

Age en-vies you and wish-es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"—

Mrs. O'FLYNN *rit.* *a tempo*

Age en-vies you and wish-es, too, That it could say, "What fun!"—

*rit.* *f* *a tempo* *sfz*

## Ireland Dear, My Heart's For You

SONG

Captain Worthington

No 10

Moderato e rubato  $\text{♩} = 72$ 

There's a  
Oh, I've

spot in the world that is al-ways green, And green is its mem - 'ry,  
tra - velled far and I've tra-velled fast O'er val - ley and dale and

too! ——— 'Tis the fair - est of gar - dens that eye hath seen, All  
down; ——— And I've come to the part - ing of ways at last, Suc -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, followed by a single treble staff for the voice. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 6/8. The tempo is 'Moderato e rubato' with a metronome marking of 72 quarter notes per minute. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody with lyrics. The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, often using arpeggiated figures.



*poco accel.*

set in an o - cean blue, — Oh, the danc - ing eyes set the  
cess may my wan - d'rings crown! — For I've come in search of a

*mf poco accel.*

heart a - flame, And the ros - y cheeks put the dawn to shame, For an  
jew - el rare, And I won - der whe - ther for me she'll care! Will I

*poco rit.*

I - rish girl is — not the same As o - ther girls are to you! —  
find her free, will I find her fair? This lass — of Lim - rick Town!

*sfz* *rit.*

*Red.*

Andante effetuoso ♩ = 66

Pic - tur - esque, ro - man - tic Ire - land, Well be - lov'd, much -

*mf sostenuto*

to - ad - mire land! 'Neath your sun - ny skies of blue,

I could live my whole life through! Ten - der thoughts of dear old Er - in

O'er the world your sons are bear - in'; Ire - land dear, my heart's for you,

*cresc.* *f* *ff*

*1st Verse rit.* May your trou - bles soon be few! *D.S.* *2nd Verse* May your trou - bles soon be few!

*rit. e dim.* *mf* *D.S.* *ff*



## Chorus

Nº 10a

Andante affetuoso  $\text{♩} = 66$ SOPRANO  
ALTO

Pic-tur-esque, ro-man-tic Ire-land, Well be-loved, much-to-ad-mire land!

TENOR

Pic-tur-esque, ro-man-tic Ire-land, Well be-loved, much-to-ad-mire land!

BASS

PIANO  
*ad lib.**mf*

*rit.*

'Neath your sun - ny skies of blue, I could live my whole life through!

'Neath your sun - ny skies of blue, I could live my whole life through!

*a tempo*

Ten - der thoughts of dear old Er - in O'er the world your sons are bear - in';

Ten - der thoughts of dear old Er - in O'er the world your sons are bear - in';

*cresc.*

## CAPTAIN WORTHINGTON

*rit.*

May your trou - bles soon be few!

*ff* *rit.*

Ire - land dear, my heart's for you, May your trou - bles soon — be few!

*rit.*

Ire - land dear, my heart's for you, May your trou - bles soon — be few!

*rit.*

*f* *ff* *rit.* *ff*



## Watch Him Greet His Bride-To-Be

No 11

CHORUS

Allegretto moderato ♩ = 124

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music features a lively melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato' with a quarter note equal to 124 beats per minute. The introduction ends with a double bar line.

First line of the chorus. The vocal melody is in D major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Watch him greet his bride - to - be, Watch her cheeks grow ro - sy!". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Second line of the chorus. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support for the vocal melody.

Third line of the chorus. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Un - like mo - dern lov - ers, he Don't look dull and pro - sey!". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Fourth line of the chorus. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support for the vocal melody.

*ff*

Greet the bride-groom, greet the bride. On this hap-py morn-ing! morn-ing

*ff*

Greet the bride-groom, greet the bride. On this hap-py morn-ing! morn-ing

*ff*

*ten.* *poco rit.*

Ah, the blush she can-not hide,— Her fair cheek a - dorn - ing!

Ah, the blush she can-not hide,— Her fair cheek a - dorn - ing!

*cresc.* *poco rit.*



Andantino con moto  $\text{♩} = 52$ 

Hi-ther

Hi-ther

*f*

*rall.*

*mf*

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first measure of the vocal staves is a whole rest. The piano accompaniment begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, featuring a series of eighth notes in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand. The tempo marking 'Andantino con moto' and the quarter note equal to 52 (♩ = 52) are at the top right. The system concludes with a change to 6/4 time, indicated by a double bar line and the new time signature.

comes the bride to be, Watch her cheeks grow ro - sy

comes the bride to be, Watch her cheeks grow ro - sy

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef, and the bottom is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature remains two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal staves have lyrics underneath them. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a change to 6/4 time, indicated by a double bar line and the new time signature.

red. \_\_\_\_\_ See him greet her hap - pi - ly, He the

red. \_\_\_\_\_ See him greet her hap - pi - ly, \_\_\_\_\_ He the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "red. \_\_\_\_\_ See him greet her hap - pi - ly, He the". The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

man she soon will wed! He the lov - er, she the

man she soon will wed! He the lov - er, she the

The second system of the musical score continues with three staves. The top two staves are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "man she soon will wed! He the lov - er, she the". The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The right hand of the piano part includes a section with repeated eighth notes marked with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano).



maid, That's the way the world goes 'round; He em -

maid, That's the way the world goes 'round; He em -

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The vocal lines are in a simple, homophonic style. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo leading to a forte (f) dynamic.

bold - ened, she a - fraid, Till each oth - er's heart they've

bold - ened, she a - fraid, Till each oth - er's heart they've

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal lines are in a simple, homophonic style. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo leading to a forte (f) dynamic.

found, Till each oth - er's heart they've found! Hap - py

found, Till each oth - er's heart they've found! Hap - py

*f rit. sfz*

lov - ers! Hap - py lov - ers! Time dis - cov - ers each a

lov - ers! Hap - py lov - ers! Time dis - cov - ers each a



## Tempo I

mate! Hi - ther comes the bride - to - be, —

mate! Hi - ther comes the bride - to - be, —

*sf* *poco rit.* *ff a tempo cresc.*

Kis - met! — Kis - met! — It is fate!

Kis - met! — Kis - met! — It is fate!

*ff* *R.H.* *fff* *R.H.* *ffff*

*Red.* \*

## Your Eyes Are Bright

DUET

No 12

Captain Worthington and Betty

Moderato con moto ♩ = 108

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked 'Moderato con moto' with a tempo of 108 beats per minute. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The first measure is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic, and the third measure is marked with a 'rall.' (rallentando) instruction.

POM.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Oh, Rose, you can-not close your ears, For have I not the". The piano part is marked with a mezzo-piano 'mp' dynamic.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "right, dear, To say it certain - ly ap -". The piano part is marked with a mezzo-piano 'mp' dynamic.



pears We're in — an e - qual plight, dear? It

BETTY  
seems I have to wed you, Rose; And is that such a

*poco rit.*  
task, sir? Per - haps you wish me dead, who knows?

*a tempo* *ten.*  
What it is you would ask, sir?

*ff accel* *rall*

## Moderato con moto

POM.

Your eyes are bright, your face is fair to see!— I'm won - d'ring if you'd

real-ly like to be— The wife of him who sings this song to you! If—

he should ask you now to an - swer "Yes!" what would you do?

Vivace

BETTY

What

Andante



Listesso tempo

could I do, what could I say? The whole thing's cut and dried, sir!

Though, at the prospect yes-ter-day I al - - - most could have died, sir!

POM.  
But for re-lease in vain I sighed! I swear by heav'n a -

bove you, I'm half per-suad - ed now that I'd

*ten.*  
not find it hard to love you!

*rall.*

Moderato con moto

BOTH

{Your} eyes are bright {your} face is fair to see— {I'm} won - d'ring if {you'd} I'd

*mf*

real - ly like to be — The wife of him who woos with ar - dor young, The

*molto rit.*  
an - swer must be left un - said, al - though, al - tho' the song is sung

*cresc* *molto rall. e dim.*



## Finale Act I

No 13

Moderato con moto  $\text{♩} = 100$ 

The musical score is written for piano and a four-part chorus. The piano part consists of three systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *f* dynamic in the bass line and a *mf* dynamic in the treble line. The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The chorus is introduced with the label 'CHORUS' on the left. It features four staves: Soprano and Alto, Tenor, Bass, and a piano accompaniment staff. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'Oh, Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, There'll be'. The piano accompaniment for the chorus includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a *f a tempo* (forte at tempo) marking.

**CHORUS**

SOPRANO and ALTO  
Oh, Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, There'll be

TENOR  
Oh, Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, There'll be

BASS  
Oh, Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, There'll be

*rit.* *f a tempo*

tur - key and chick - en and mut - ton, and mut - ton, And of good things to drink there'll be

tur - key and chick - en and mut - ton, and mut - ton, And of good things to drink there'll be

mut - ton,

plen - ty, we think, To sa - tis - fy an - y chance glut - ton! Ap - ple pie and rice pud - ding and

plen - ty, we think, To sa - tis - fy an - y chance glut - ton! Pie and rice pud - ding and



chees - es ga - lore The ta - bles and side-board a - dorn - ing; — Oh,

chees - es ga - lore The ta - bles and side-board a - dorn - ing; — Oh,

*ff*

This system contains three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines, ending with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, We'll join in the re-vels till morn - ing!

Mis-ter O'-Flynn, to - night at the Inn, We'll join in the re-vels till morn - ing!

This system contains three staves. The top two are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

Pomposo  
PAT.

Yes, Yes! I'll show you all how I can ca-ter In such a role, I am no small per-

*rit.*

ta - ter!

SOPRANO and ALTO *accel.*

CHORUS

TENOR

BASS

Hur - rah! we'll see how Pat him - self can ca - ter; He

Hur - rah! we'll see how Pat him - self can ca - ter; He

*mp* *f accel.* *cresc.*

*ted.* \* *ted.* \*



says him-self he is no sec-ond - ra - ter! We'll not be-lieve one mo-ment he In

says him-self he is no sec-ond - ra - ter! We'll not be-lieve one mo-ment he In

*ff* *mf*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*molto rit.*

such a role would prove to be A small and in-sig - ni - fi - cant per - ta - ter!

*molto rit.*

such a role would prove to be A small and in-sig - ni - fi - cant per - ta - ter!

*molto rit.*

*mp rallentando*

Poco agitato

JUDGE HOOLEY

Valse

Well for - get our woes and trou- bles, —

*p* *rall.* *marcato* *mf*

— Prob- lems all will be ig - nored; — While his ef - forts Pat re -

BETTY

- doub - les — At the gay and fes - tive board! — Ah, my heart is

*mf*

beat - ing fas - ter! Though I know not why nor how, — I am



fear - ful of dis - as - ter, — If our plan mis-car - ries now! —

*f rall.*

*ff accel* *sfz* *sfz* *ff* *rall* *mf*

Allegretto ma non troppo  $\text{♩} = 200$

ROSE

The man is prov - ing most ex-as-per - a - ting!

*mf*

BETTY

ROSE

What is it, Beau ty? With ar - dor he keeps on ex-pa-ti - a - ting A -

*piu accel*

bout his du - - ty! He says he knows that it is Rose He

*mf*

*poco rit* *a tempo* *rit*

has come here to woo; So tell me why his ardent eye Seems blind, my dear, to

*poco rit* *sfs* *rit*

*a tempo* BETTY

you! Why does he seek to make him-self A-gree-a-ble to me? Per-

*sfs*

*ten.* ROSE *rit.* CAPT.W.

- haps he knows that I'm not Rose! Im-poss-i-ble! Ah, see!

*sfs* *pesante* *sfs* *sfs*



## Molto moderato e grazioso

Such a dain-ty, pret-ty pair of most at-trac-tive cou-sins! Can't de-ny how hap-py I with

ei-ther one could be! Girls I've seen by hun-dreds, girls by scores, and girls by doz-ens,

But I ne'er be-held a pair who looked so good to me! But 'tis

Rose I have to mar-ry, yet my task is not a light one; Though both are fair as ros-es, I must

*accel.* Moderato

ex-er-cise great care to pick the right one!

*accel.* mp

Mrs. O'FLYNN CAPT. W.

A let-ter for you, Cap-tain, from Sir Charles! Ah, yes! from

*poco rit.* mp

Molto moderato (He reads the letter)

dear old Dad!— "My dear-est Pom-er-

*rit.* mf mf

oy, I take my pen with-in my nand; I trust this let-ter finds you well In



dear old Ire - land! Your moth - er says she'll come with me To see what you are

*mf*

up to. We'll bring the ser - vants right a - long, The tom-cat and the pup, too!"

*sfz*

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 200$   
SOPRANO and ALTO

*ff*

That's nice! That's thought-ful! That's nice! That's thought-ful! They're goin' to bring the

*ff* TENOR

That's nice! That's thought-ful! That's nice! That's thought-ful! They're goin' to bring the

*ff* BASS

That's nice! That's thought-ful! That's nice! That's thought-ful! They're goin' to bring the

*ff*

(humming while he reads)  
CAPT. W. *Moderato*

Hm - m - -

ser-vants and The tom - cat and the pup, too!

ser-vants and The tom - cat and the pup, too!

*ff* *sfz* *mf* *Moderato*

*Quasi Recit.*  
*accél*

- m - m - m! Hm - m - m - m - m - m! Ah, no! I'll read the rest some

*Rec.* \*

*f* oth-er day! It would not in-ter-est you! Let's be gay!— *Presto*

*ff* \*

*Rec.*



## JUDGE HOOLEY

To -

Molly picks up letter surreptitiously

*p* *cresc.* *rall.*

*ad lib.*

night, oh, gal - lant Cap - tain, un - less fa - tigue you tells on, We'll

*ffz*

all be at the Inn, young Sir, We'll all be there with bells on!

*f* *Con moto* *mf*

*f* *rall.*

## Valse

SOPRANO and ALTO

CHORUS

TENOR

BASS

Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine, That's what you ought to be! \_\_\_\_\_

Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine, That's what you ought to be! \_\_\_\_\_

Oh, Oh,

— Mine a - lone, All my own, Wed-ded for life to me,

— Mine a - lone, Mol - ly, All my own, Mol - ly, Wed-ded for life to me,

lone,— own,—



*rit.* *a tempo*

Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine,

Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine,

Oh, Oh,

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

This system contains the first two systems of music. It features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first system of music is marked *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo* (return to tempo). The lyrics are "Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The second system of music is also marked *poco rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are "Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The third system of music is marked *poco rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are "Oh, Oh,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,

Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,

Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,

This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. It features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The third system of music is marked *poco rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are "Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The fourth system of music is also marked *poco rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are "Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The fifth system of music is marked *poco rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are "Dain - ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me true,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

. Say that you will be Mol - ly mine! \_\_\_\_\_

Say that you will be Mol - ly mine! \_\_\_\_\_

*ff rall.*

*Ped.*

*ff a tempo*

Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine, That's what you ought to

*ff*

Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly mine, That's what you ought to

*ff*

*ff a tempo*



be! \_\_\_\_\_ Mine a - lone, All my own, Wed-ded for

be! \_\_\_\_\_ Mine a - lone, Mol-ly, All my own, Mol-ly, Wed-ded for

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It contains the lyrics "be! \_\_\_\_\_ Mine a - lone, All my own, Wed-ded for". The middle staff is another vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature, containing the lyrics "be! \_\_\_\_\_ Mine a - lone, Mol-ly, All my own, Mol-ly, Wed-ded for". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature, featuring chords and a melodic line.

life to me, Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly

life to me, Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly

The second system of the musical score. It also consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three flats, containing the lyrics "life to me, Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly". The middle staff is another vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature, containing the lyrics "life to me, Oh, such a wife to me! Mol - ly mine, Mol - ly". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature, featuring chords and a melodic line. A first ending bracket with the number "8" is placed over the first few measures of the piano accompaniment.

mine, Dain-ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me

mine, Dain-ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, — tell me

The first system consists of three staves. The top two are vocal staves in B-flat major (two flats). The top staff has lyrics: "mine, Dain-ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, tell me". The second staff has lyrics: "mine, Dain-ty, de - mure, di - vine! Oh, — tell me". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring chords and moving lines in both hands.

true, Say that you will be Mol - ly, Mol - ly, *molto accel.*

true, Say that you will be Mol - ly, Mol - ly,

tell me,

The second system continues the piece. It has three staves. The top two are vocal staves. The top staff has lyrics: "true, Say that you will be Mol - ly, Mol - ly, *molto accel.*". The second staff has lyrics: "true, Say that you will be Mol - ly, Mol - ly,". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, with lyrics "tell me," appearing below the first measure. The system ends with a *molto accel.* and *ff* marking in the piano part.



Mol - ly, Mol - ly mine! Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly mine!

Mol - ly, Mol - ly mine! Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly, Mol - ly mine!

*cresc.* *ff*

(CURTAIN)

All mine!

All mine!

*cresc.* *fff presto* *ffz sfz*

End of Act I

## Act II

## Introduction And Opening Solos And Chorus

No 14

Moderato grazioso ♩ = 144

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in the left hand, marked *mf*. The right hand features a vocal melody with various ornaments and slurs. The tempo is *Moderato grazioso* at 144 beats per minute. The score includes several dynamic and tempo changes: *cresc.* (crescendo), *rall.* (rallentando), and *mp a tempo* (mezzo-piano at tempo). The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into five systems, each with a piano staff and a vocal staff.



(CURTAIN)

$\text{♩} = 88$   
HOOLEY

'Tis nine o'clock, our

*rall.*

*mf*

guests should be ar-riv - ing! — But guests are al-ways late. Each fears to be the

*f*

*mp*

BETTY

first, so each is striv - ing — To see how long the oth-er guests will wait! The

*f*

Allegro con moto ♩ = 138

la-dies hate to leave the toi-let ta-ble, Tho'why they al-ways lin-ger, good-ness

*mp*

ROSE.

knows! They love to stay as long as they are a-ble, To

*f* *mp*

Moderato ♩ = 184

put an ex-tra dab of pow-der on their nose!

*colla voce* *ff*

(enter 1st Couple)

HOOLEY

Ah, here they come! Good eve-ning, Miss O'-Don - nell! \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis

*rall* *mf* *ff* *mf*



(enter 2nd Couple)

half an hour we've been ex-pect-ing you! — And you! ah, yes, 'tis

BETTY and  
ROSE

Mis-ter Tim O'-Con-nell, — How do you do! How do you do! How do you

(other couples arrive)

HOOLEY

do! — Well, well! here come Mis-ter and Mis-sus Gran-ger! —

BETTY

— Right glad are we to wel-come you to-night! — Up -

ROSE

on my word, dear Ma-dam, you're a stran-ger! To see you,

HOOLEY

Mis-ter Gran-ger, is de-light! Oh, look who's here! 'Tis

Maude and Fan-ny Doo-ley! How are you? And you, too, Den-nis O'-

(Chorus enters gradually)

BETTY

Day! Ah, now they come! Yes, yes, the ice is bro-



HOOLEY  
ROSE and BETTY

*meno mosso*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

ken! The night is fair, Se - rene the air, And things will soon be gay!

*p* *meno mosso* *rit.*

*a tempo*

**Allegro**

SOPRANO and ALTO

We're out to-night to en - joy our-selves, We're

TENOR

We're out to-night to en - joy our-selves, We're

BASS

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN  
ENTERTAINMENTS  
AMATEUR MINSTRELSY  
SENT FREE

WRITE FOR  
CATALOG  
0-2  
52 PAGES

OPERETTAS  
CANTATAS PLAYS  
SONGS JOKES MONOLOGS  
ON REQUEST

all dressed up in our best. — With feast-ing we will em - ploy our-selves, We'll

all dressed up in our best. — With feast-ing we will em - ploy our-selves, We'll

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure, marked with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady bass line.

tac - kle the food, We'll tac - kle the food with zest! With

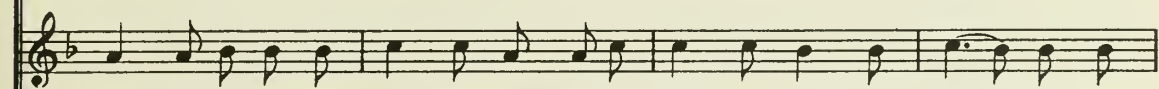
tac - kle the food, We'll tac - kle the food, We'll tac - kle the food with zest! With

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The right hand has a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure, marked with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The left hand maintains a consistent bass line.

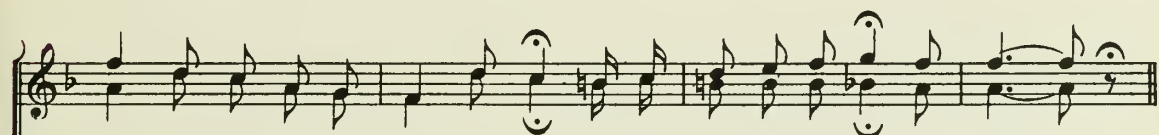
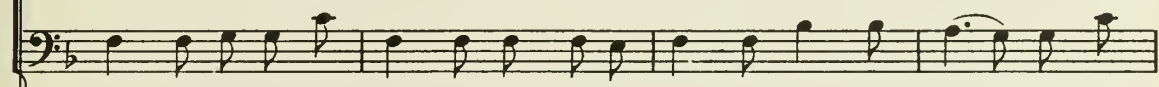




dig - ni - ty we'll com - port our - selves As we eat and drink to - night, For there're



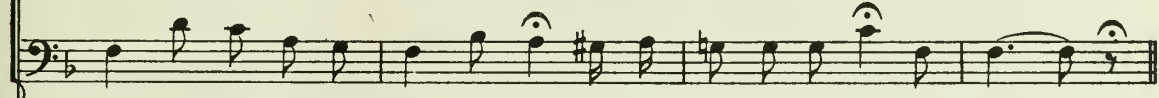
dig - ni - ty we'll com - port our - selves As we eat and drink to - night, For there're



few things bet - ter, we've taught our - selves, Than a jol - ly good ap - pe - tite! —



few things bet - ter, we've taught our - selves, Than a jol - ly good ap - pe - tite! —



## Andantino ma non troppo

## MEN ONLY

Oh, we'll dance with the girls in an old quad-rille, Of waltz and ga-votte we will

have our fill, And we'll keep up the fun all night un - til The

sun is ris-ing in the morn-ing!

## GIRLS ONLY

We will dance with you in the min - u - et, Of the lan-cers gay we will



have a set, And we'll none of us go home, you bet, Till the mor-row comes a -

dawn-ing!

*Allegro*

*ff*

## SOPRANO and ALTO

We're out to-night to en-joy our-selves, We're

## TENOR

We're out to-night to en-joy our-selves, We're

## BASS

CHORUS

*ff* *sfz* *f*

all dressed up in our best. \_\_\_\_\_ With feast-ing we will em-ploy our-selves, We'll

all dressed up in our best. \_\_\_\_\_ With feast-ing we will em-ploy our-selves, We'll

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in G major, with lyrics "all dressed up in our best. \_\_\_\_\_ With feast-ing we will em-ploy our-selves, We'll". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. A forte (*ff*) dynamic marking is present.

tac-kle the food, We'll tac-kle the food with zest! With

tac-kle the food, We'll tac-kle the food, We'll tac-kle the food with zest! With

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal parts sing "tac-kle the food, We'll tac-kle the food with zest! With". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A forte (*ff*) dynamic marking is also present in this system.



dig - ni - ty we'll com - port our - selves As we eat and drink to - night, - For there're

dig - ni - ty we'll com - port our - selves As we eat and drink to - night, - For there're

*f*

few things bet - ter, we've taught ourselves, Than a jol - ly good ap - pe - tite! —

few things bet - ter, we've taught ourselves, Than a jol - ly good ap - pe - tite! —

*ff presto*

*cresc.*

*ff*

*ff*

## 'Tis The Heart!

No 15

TRIO

Betty, Rose and Captain Worthington

Moderato

CAPT. W.

Good eve-ning, la-dies! Here I am, A tri - fle late, I

ROSE

BETTY

must ad-mit! Oh, my, I won - der if he heard! He real - ly don't look

CAPT. W.

fussed a bit! Pray what were you two girls so bus-i - ly talk-ing a -



BETTY  
and ROSE

bout? My ears are burn - ing, was it I you talked of? No

*mf* *rit.*

CAPT. W.

doubt! We were won - der - ing wheth - er you real - ly knew your own mind. (What a

ROSE

fall!) Al - so we won - dered wheth - er you had an - y old mind at all!

*f* *rit.*

BETTY and ROSE

For a man in love should sure - ly know Just how to go a -

*f*

## CAPT. W.

*ten.*

bout it. Con-found my heart! My af-fairs would go Much bet-ter, I think, with-out it!

♩ = 72 ALL THREE (*Unison*)

Oh, the heart is no doubt ne-ces-sar-y, But oc-ca-sion-al-ly it is

*mf*

ver-y Ob-tuse, un-re-li-a-ble, Hard-ly so pli-a-ble

As one could wish it to be. The mind that you keep in your

*ff*



at - tic Could eas - i - ly prove more em - pha - tic If it was - n't af - fect - ed By

*p.*

some - thing con - nect - ed Else - where with your a - nat - o - my! 'Tis the heart! 'Tis the

*f ffz*

heart! 'Tis the heart that most people have need of; When the mind says "Do *this!*" and the

*sfz rit.*

heart says "Do *that!*" 'Tis the heart you had bet - ter - take heed of!

*a tempo*

## Letter Theme

Rose

No 15<sup>a</sup>

Molto moderato

(Humming)

*p*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Molto moderato'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system features a vocal line with a long, flowing melody and a piano accompaniment that begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melodic line and the piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked with a long slur, indicating a continuous melody. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.



## Come Back, Beloved

SONG

Captain Worthington

No 16

Andante espressivo ♩ = 84

"Come back, be-lov - ed," A

soft voice is call - ing, Call - ing to me in the si - lence of night.

Mem - o - ry's ech - ges are ris - ing and fall - ing, I see your smile like a

vis - ion of light!— Why did I wan - der a - way from my loved one?

*mp* *mf*

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4, and a left hand with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note Bb3, a half note C4, a quarter note Bb3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. The piano accompaniment is marked *mp* and *mf*.

Here a - mong stran - gers my heart's sad and lone. Far, far a - way, dear,

*ten.*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4, and a left hand with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note Bb3, a half note C4, a quarter note Bb3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. The piano accompaniment is marked *ten.*.

Night-time and day, dear, I hear you plead - ing to come back, my own!—

*ten.* *rit.*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4, and a left hand with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note Bb3, a half note C4, a quarter note Bb3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. The piano accompaniment is marked *ten.* and *rit.*.



L'istesso tempo

"Come back; be - lov - ed," Your soft voice is call - ing,

*mp*

Call - ing me home to be with you once more. Hopes now are ris - ing that

*l.h.*

long have been fall - ing, "Come back, be - lov - ed!" I hear you, As-thore!

*ten.*

*cresc.* *cresc. colla voce* *sfz*

*l.h.*

*Red.* \*

## Maggie Maguire

SONG

Judge Hooley and Chorus

No 17

*Moderato con moto*  
♩ = 144

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano introduction consists of four measures. The first measure has a treble clef with a triplet of eighth notes (Bb, A, G) and a bass clef with a triplet of eighth notes (Bb, A, G). The second measure has a treble clef with a triplet of eighth notes (F, E, D) and a bass clef with a triplet of eighth notes (F, E, D). The third measure has a treble clef with a triplet of eighth notes (C, B, A) and a bass clef with a triplet of eighth notes (C, B, A). The fourth measure has a treble clef with a triplet of eighth notes (G, F, E) and a bass clef with a triplet of eighth notes (G, F, E). The piano introduction ends with a measure of rest in both staves.

*f* *molto rall. dim.* *p*

Oh, lis - ten to a tale of woe, Of fate so grim and dire; It's

*mf*

all, a - bout a girl you know, Poor skin - ny Mag Ma - guire. Her



lov - er came to her to - day, And said, "Fare - well, As - thore!" What

could she do, what could she say? She cer - tain - ly felt sore. She

fell in twen - ty kind of fits; And

then she pulled her-self to bits. She

*a tempo*

"flung her arms" to Heav'n a - bove, She "snapped her teeth" till they cracked; In

*mf a tempo*

grim des-pair she "tore her hair;" Then she "lost her head," that's a fact. She

"tossed her chin far in the air;" She "lost her self - con - trol;" She

*rit.*

"cast her eyes up - on the floor," You could see them "fall" and "roll." At

*mf*



last she "broke off sud - den - ly," Just where I can - not say; And

*cresc.*

*rit.*

then she "broke her heart" be-cause Sh'd "thrown her-self a - way!"

*f* *ff*

Moderato e dolce  $\text{♩} = 80$

Oh, poor Mag-gie Ma-guire! Trou-ble for Mag-gie now ceas - es; They

*mp*

got out the broom and they swept up the room, When Mag-gie Ma-guire went to plec - es!

CHORUS  
Moderato

Oh! poor Mag-gle Ma-guire! Trou-ble for Mag-gle now ceas es; They

Oh! poor Mag-gle Ma-guire! Trou-ble for Mag-gle now ceas - es; They

*f* *cresc.*

got out the broom and they swept up the room, When Mag-gle Ma-guire went to plec - es!

got out the broom and they swept up the room, When Mag-gle Ma-guire went to plec - es!

*ff*



# "Sir Charles and Lady"

ENSEMBLE

No 18

Moderato con moto ♩ = 112

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand with triplets and a bass line in the left hand with triplets and chords. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *mp* (mezzo-piano).

SMITH and PARTINGTON

Vocal melody for the first line of the song, starting with a rest followed by a triplet of eighth notes.

Sir Charles and La - dyWorth-ing-ton In Lim-er-ick have ar-rived; Her

Piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, featuring chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *mp* (mezzo-piano).

Vocal melody for the second line of the song, continuing the melody from the first line.

La - dy-ship the o - cean voyage Has hap - pi - ly sur - vived. It's

Piano accompaniment for the second line of the song, continuing the accompaniment from the first line.

true when she was on the boat, So bit - ter was her cup, She

SMITH  
said, "My plan is all a - wry, I think I'll throw it up!" But she

PARTINGTON BOTH  
did-nt! No, she did- n't! And that is why you see The

MEN SERVANTS CHORUS  
coach-man and the but - ler and All the rest of the fam - i - lee! Oh,



Yes! Yes! Yes! That is just why you see The

coach-man and the but-ler and the rest of the fam-i-lee!

**Allegretto**  
SOPRANO and ALTO

*ff* That's nice! that's thought-ful! that's nice! that's thought-ful! they've

*ff* TENOR

That's nice! that's thought-ful! that's nice! that's thought-ful! they've

*ff* BASS

*ff*

brought their bloom-ing ser-vants and The tom-cat and the pup, too!

brought their bloom-ing ser-vants and The tom-cat and the pup, too!

*fff* *sfz*

Molto moderato

PARTINGTON

With mea-sure grave and dig-ni-fied, With

*mf*

as-pect woe-be-gone, Due to the toss-ing on the



SMITH

Chan - nel cross - ing, Comes La - dy Worth - ing - ton! With

pom - pous pride and smil - ing face, to greet his on - ly son,

Hale and heart - y to this fes - tive part - y, Comes Sir Charles Worth - ing -

**MEN SERVANTS Unison**  
ton! With pom - pous pride and smil - ing face, To

greet his on - ly son, Hale and heart - y to this

fes - tive part - y, Come Sir Charles and La - dy Worth - ing - ton!

*molto rit*

*molto rall*

*ff*

**Maestoso**

*ff*

Come Sir Charles and La - dy Worth - ing - ton

*ff*

Come Sir Charles and La - dy Worth - ing - ton

*ff*

**FULL CHORUS**

*ff*

*fff*

*fff*



## Youth Undutiful

DUET

Sir Charles and Lady Worthington

No 19

Tempo di Gavotte ♩ = 92

BOTH

We braved the roll - ing o - cean

bil - lows When we crossed the Chan - nel to come o - ver here; Would we had

LADY W.

stayed a - mong the pil - lows In our house in Lon - don damp and drear! In this fi -

The musical score is written for a duet. The vocal parts are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Gavotte' with a metronome marking of 92. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature change from G major to F# major (two sharps). The second system continues the duet. The third system shows Lady Worthington's part. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

## SIR CHARLES

as - co — we must re - mem - ber To main - tain our old sang froid! Buy, my dear

la - dy, — per - mit me to say — I can - not help but feel an - noyed!

Più mosso  
SIR CHARLES

LADY W.  
Youth un - du - ti - ful is not beau - ti - ful, We de - test it all else a - bove.

And our at - ti - tude towards in - grat - i - tude Is as frown - ing as it is towards love.



L'istesso tempo

LADY W.

SIR CHARLES

We must be mag - nan - i - mous!

What is love, my dear, to us?

*mf*

Plans frus - tra - ted, we're cheek - mat - ed, Pom should have been more so - lie - i - tous!

*rit.**rit.**rall.**Pedale*

SIR CHARLES

LADY W.

Youth un - du - ti - ful is not beau - ti - ful, We de - test it all things a - bove. But of

*mf*

things that ir - ri - tate and ex - as - per - ate, Worst of all is the thing called Love!

*mf*

DANCE  
Grazioso

The musical score is written for piano and treble clef. It is in 4/4 time and the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The tempo/style is 'Grazioso'. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system shows a piano introduction with a treble staff featuring eighth and sixteenth notes and a bass staff with a similar rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the melody in the treble and provides a harmonic accompaniment in the bass. The third system introduces a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic in the treble staff. The fourth system shows a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking in the bass staff. The fifth system concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and a final 'sfz' (sforzando) chord in the treble staff.



## The Well-Known Farmer With The Spondulix

SONG

Ezra Q. Hicks  
and Chorus

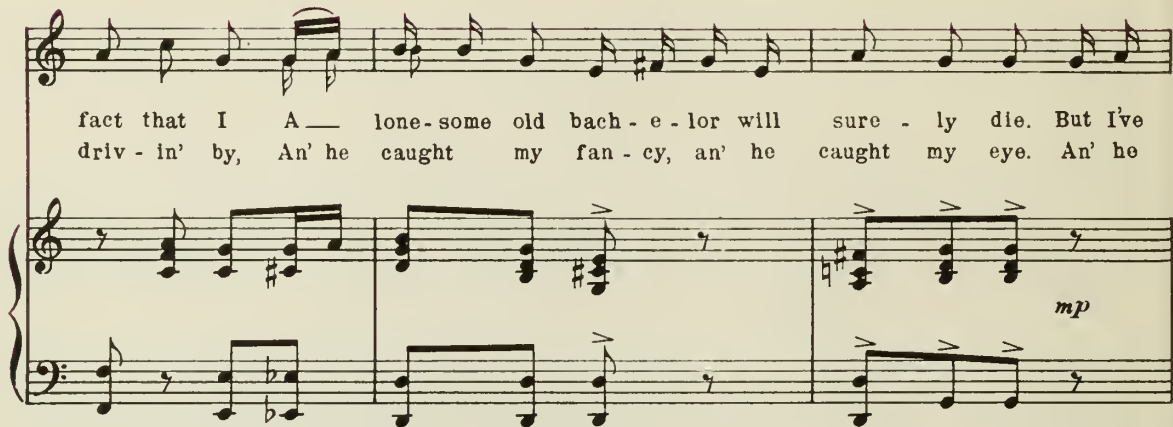
No 20

Molto moderato  $\text{♩} = 152$ 

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Molto moderato* with a tempo of 152. The piece begins with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. After two measures, there is a section marked *pp* (pianissimo) with a fermata over the first measure, followed by a final measure.

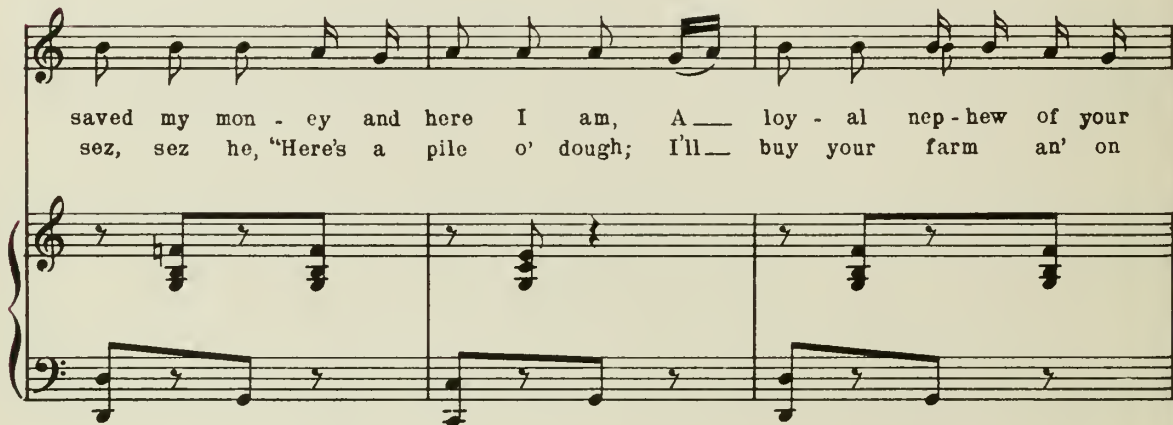
Oh, a farm-er's life is a life of strife, But it's  
One— morn-ing I went— forth to plow, An' to

ver-y much worse for the farm-er's wife! Which is how I ac-count for the  
try and coax some milk from my one lean cow, When a fel-low in a bug-gy comes



fact that I A — lone-some old bach - e - lor will sure - ly die. But I've  
driv - in' by, An' he caught my fan - cy, an' he caught my eye. An' he

*mp*



saved my mon - ey and here I am, A — loy - al nep - hew of your  
sez, sez he, "Here's a pile o' dough; I'll — buy your farm an' on



Un - cle Sam! I've dol - lars and dol - lars and  
shares we'll go!" So the wells we sunk an' the



dol-lars to spend, And I'm goin' to have a good time to the ver - y end!  
oil came out, Oh, a farm - er's life is the life, no doubt!

REFRAIN  
Molto moderato

So, hip - hur - ray for E. Q. Hicks, The well-known farm - er with the

spon - du - lix. I did - n't get my dough from the po - ta - to. But I

struck a bit o' luck in Eight - y - Six. I'd nev - er got nuth - in' fer

all my toil, Till the farm one day start - ed spurt - ing oil, That's

why folks point to E. Q. Hicks As the well-known farm - er with the

*A little faster*  
CHORUS (Unison)

spon - du - lix. So, hip - hur - ray for E. Q. Hicks, The



well-known farm - er with the spon - du - lix. He did - n't get his dough from the

po - ta - to, But he struck a bit o' luck in Eight - y - Six. He'd

nev - er got noth - ing for all his toil, Till the farm one day start - ed spurt - ing oil, That's

why folks point to E. Q. Hicks As the well-known farm - er with the spon - du - lix.

150  
I Love You, Little Sweetheart

DUET

and FINALE

No 21

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 86$

CAPT. WORTHINGTON

I love you, lit-tle sweet-heart, Oh, I've

*f* *mf*

loved you all the while! I love your eyes, I love your hands, I

*ten.* *ten.*

BETTY

love your sun - ny smile! I'm glad that I am Bet - ty, But, dear

*p* *mf*



*ten.*

Pom, do you sup-pose That you'd have loved me quite as much If

## CAPT. WORTHINGTON

*piu mosso*

I'd been real-ly Rose! "A rose by an-y oth-er name" 'Tis

*mf*

that I'm think-ing of! It's not the name, 'tis

you your-self I love, I love, I love!

*ff* *rull.*

Valse  
BETTY

CAPT. W.

It's love that makes the world go 'round, And puts things on the

*mf*

square; \_\_\_\_\_ It's love that makes a sto - ry sound A -

greea - ble an - y - where! \_\_\_\_\_ It's love that made this

sto - ry whose Fi - nale to night we crown, Bet - ty dear! And

crown,



when they ask, "Whom did he choose?" Just say "The Lass," Just

say "The Lass, The Lass of Lim - 'rick Town!"

## SOPRANO and ALTO

It's love that makes the world go 'round, And

## TENOR

It's love that makes the world go 'round, And

## BASS

It's love that makes the world go 'round, And

*ffenergico*

puts things on the square; It's love that

puts things on the square; It's love that

makes a sto - ry sound A - greea - ble an - y -

makes a sto - ry sound A - greea - ble an - y -



where! \_\_\_\_\_ It's love that made this sto - ry,

where! \_\_\_\_\_ It's love that made this sto - ry,

*ff*

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have lyrics: "where! \_\_\_\_\_ It's love that made this sto - ry,". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

whose Fi - nale to - night we crown, we crown, And

whose Fi - nale to - night we crown, we — crown, And

we crown,

*cresc.*

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal parts have lyrics: "whose Fi - nale to - night we crown, we crown, And" and "whose Fi - nale to - night we crown, we — crown, And". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, with a crescendo (*cresc.*) dynamic marking.

when they ask, "Whom did he choose?" Just say, "The

when they ask, "Whom did he choose?" Just say, "The

Lass," Just say, "The Lass, the Lass of Lim - 'rick

Lass," Just say, "The Lass, the Lass of Lim - 'rick



First system of musical notation, measures 1-5. It features three staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal staves have the lyrics "Town!" written below the first measure. The piano accompaniment begins with a *fffz* dynamic marking and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and ties.

Town!"

Town!"

Second system of musical notation, measures 6-10. It continues the three-staff format. Measures 6-8 are empty for the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes a *fff accel.* marking in measure 7 and a *fffz* marking in measure 9. The system concludes with the instruction "End of Opera" and a "Red." (Reduction) marking.

*fff accel.*

*fffz*

Red. End of Opera

# MUSIC TO THE LISTENING EAR

By WILL EARHART

\$2.00

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# CHORAL MUSIC AND ITS PRACTICE

## WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO A CAPPELLA MUSIC

by  
NOBLE CAIN

\$2.00

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*A Romantic Comic Opera*

*in*

*Two Acts*



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## CAST.

SIR CHARLES WORTHINGTON (light tenor)	.....An English Squire
CAPT. POMEROY WORTHINGTON (tenor)	.....His Son
LADY WORTHINGTON (contralto)	.....His Wife
BETTY MCCOY } (sopranos)	.....Cousins, wards of the Judge
ROSE MCCOY }	
JUDGE HOOLEY (bass or baritone)	.....The Guardian
JUSTIN O'FLYNN (baritone)	.....An Amorous Attorney
MRS. O'FLYNN (contralto)	.....His Mother
EZRA Q. HICKS (light baritone)	.....An Elderly Yankee Farmer
PAT (baritone)	.....An Inn-keeper
MIKE (light baritone)	.....An ostler
MOLLY (mezzo)	.....A Waitress
MR. SMITH (tenor)	.....The Coachman
MR. PARTINGTON (baritone)	.....The Butler
CHORUS of Villagers, Guests, Men Servants, Etc.	

ACT I. Outside the "King's Head" Inn, Limerick, Ireland.  
(A Week Elapses)

ACT II. The Entrance Hall of Judge Hooley's Home, Limerick.  
TIME—Early Summer in the year 1890.

## MUSICAL NUMBERS.

## ACT I.

## OVERTURE—

1. OPENING CHORUS ..... "*Lads and Lassies*"  
(b) SONG (Pat) ..... "*I am the Landlord*"  
(c) CHORUS ..... "*As We Drink to Your Health*"
2. SONG (Mike) ..... "*Molly Mine*"
3. DUET (Judge Hooley and Rose) ..... "*Tick-tock*"
4. SONG (Rose) ..... "*Was Ever Fate so Cruel as Mine?*"
5. CHORUS ..... "*Betty is a Darling*"
6. SONG (Betty and Chorus) ..... "*Betty McCoy*"
7. DUET (Betty and Rose) ..... "*Wealth and Poverty*"
8. QUINTET (Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Justin and Judge Hooley),  
..... "*Hey-diddle-diddle, Oh, Here is a Riddle*"
9. TRIO (Judge Hooley, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn) ..... "*What Fun!*"
10. SONG (Capt. Worthington) ..... "*Ireland Dear, My Heart's For You*"
11. CHORUS ..... "*Watch Him Greet His Bride-to-be*"
12. DUET (Capt. Worthington and Betty) ..... "*Your Eyes are Bright*"
13. FINALE ACT I ..... "*Oh, Mr. O'Flynn*"

## ACT II.

14. OPENING SOLOS and CHORUS ..... "*'Tis Nine O'Clock*"
15. TRIO (Rose, Betty and Capt. Worthington) ..... "*'Tis the Heart*"
16. SONG (Capt. Worthington) ..... "*Come Back, Beloved*"
17. SONG (Judge Hooley and Chorus) ..... "*Maggie Maguire*"
18. ENSEMBLE ..... "*Sir Charles and Lady*"
19. DUET (Sir Charles and Lady Worthington) ..... "*Youth Undutiful*"
20. SONG (Ezra Q. Hicks) ..... "*A Farmer's Life*"
21. DUET and FINALE ..... "*I Love You, Little Sweetheart*"

## ACT I.

(Outside the "King's Head" Inn, Limerick. The Inn is shown on the Right of stage, with main door and small porch enclosing it. A signboard hangs over the porch. The background is a stretch of pastures with distant hills. Opposite the Inn is a door, etc., of a house occupied by the O'Flynn's. When the curtain



*rises, the townsfolk are discovered having a good time, for it is a holiday. The members of the Chorus should, during the singing of the Opening Number, display plenty of movement. Some of them should come in and out of the Inn door.)*

## No. 1—OPENING CHORUS

Lads and lassies play together,  
 This is a holiday;  
 Skies are bluer, hearts are truer,  
 Troubles fewer. Say!  
 When it's fine and sunny weather,  
 Limerick Town is gay:  
 All together, now, hip hooray!  
 Bless the weather, that's what we say.  
 Summer's coming to Limerick Town,  
 Winter's gone with its ugly frown.  
 In the bright sunshine we will merrily sing.  
 Lads and lassies, come out and play  
 On this jolly old holiday;  
 Ev'rybody be glad and gay!  
 Time soon passes,  
 So, lads and lassies,  
 Now dance,—ah, dance!

(Dance)

(Enter Pat, followed by Mike, from Inn door)

PAT. Good morning, folks, I give you hearty greetings!

MIKE. I wonder if that's all he's going to give 'em?

PAT

I am the landlord of this inn,  
 And I'm a generous fellow.  
 To celebrate we'll now begin  
 With ale that's mild and mellow.  
 (to Mike) Go fetch the tankards from the bar  
 And fill them to the top, sir. (Mike goes in)  
 They tell me that some folk there are  
 Who never touch a drop, sir!

Chorus

A drop, sir! A drop, sir!  
 They never touch a drop, sir!  
 Weak tea is all they ever drink,  
 Unless it's ginger-pop, sir!

(Enter Mike with tankards which he distributes)

PAT

I am the landlord and I think  
 That I'm a generous fellow.  
 This is my treat,—so all may drink  
 My health in ale that's mellow.  
 (to audience) The solemn truth I can't deny,  
 (This is the way I skin 'em!)  
 Those tankards wouldn't hurt a fly,  
 Because there's nothing in 'em!

Chorus

As we drink to your health and your wealth, good sir,  
 We are quick to see  
 Your generosity.  
 And we think that our thirst at its worst, good sir,  
 Will be satisfied  
 Altho' there's not a drop inside!  
 Lads and lassies, play together, etc.

PAT. Now get a move on yez, Mike! Take thim tankards in an' rinse 'em at the kitchen sink,

MIKE. Rinse the tankards, bedad! I'm an ostler, I am, and don't get paid fer washin' annything save the hosses' fate!

PAT. Molly will help yez.

MIKE. Thin it's me fer the tankards!

(*He collects them and carries them into the Inn. Enter Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin from door of house, L.*)

PAT. Ah, Mrs. O'Flynn! 'Tis bright an' smilin' like the mornin' ye are. An' you, Mr. O'Flynn, can't the sunshine hatch out a smile on *your* face, such a day as this?

JUSTIN. Alas, good inn-keeper! How can I smile when a gnawing canker is forever eating away the cockles of me heart?

MRS. O'FLYNN. Stuff an' nonsense! I nivver did see the likes of such a lover! Melancholy an' mopin' an' downcast! Ye'll nivver win her *that* way!

JUSTIN (*gloomily*). She thinks it's her money I'm after.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Well, an' aren't you a successful attorney at that? Didn't ye jist win yer twinty-third suit in the County Court?

JUSTIN. Would that I could win my suit in the Court of Cupid as easily as I win them in the County Court! (*He exits into Inn.*)

MRS. O'FLYNN. Poor lad! He's gettin' discouraged, an' a discouraged lover is the most discouragin' thing to have around one I know.

PAT. It's hard to win a girl with money, Mrs. O'Flynn, an' Rose McCoy would be hard to win *without* it, I'm thinkin'. But come an' let me show you me new pet. He's tied up in the backyard.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Another dog, Pat?

PAT. Aye, an' the biggest Norwegian fish-hound ye ivver set eyes on! Jist got him from abroad. (*Looks at eager crowd*). Aye, ye can all come an' take a look if ye'll promise not to tread on me radishes!

(*Pat takes Mrs. O'Flynn's arm and they go into Inn, followed by the crowd, some of whom use exit R. 3.*)

(*Enter Mike and Molly, R. 3*)

MOLLY. Ye're a dandy dish-washer, Mike!

MIKE. If ye'll only marry me, Molly mine, I'll wash *all* the dishes for yez!

MOLLY. What a hero ye are, Mike! Washin' dishes is the curse o' married life!

MIKE. Well, thin, Molly, I'll take the curse upon me! Only say the word, Molly mine!

#### No. 2. SONG (*Mike*)

Me heart is palpitatin', Molly mine,  
Against me ribs 'tis batin', Molly mine!

I cannot sleep o' nights at all,

For thinkin' of what might befall

If you should keep me waitin', Molly mine!

Molly mine, Molly mine,

That's what you ought to be!

Mine alone, all my own,

Wedded for life to me,

Oh, such a wife to me!

Molly mine, Molly mine,

Dainty, demure, divine!

Oh, tell me true—say that you

Will be Molly mine!

I cannot eat me dinner, Molly mine;

They say I'm gettin' thinner, Molly mine!

I've often said, "'Tis very plain

I'd soon be quite mesilf again,

If only I could win her!" Molly mine!

(*Exeunt Molly and Mike to Inn*)

(*Enter Judge Hooley and Rose, L. 3*)

ROSE. But, Mr. Hooley, it is all so romantic, and you know I *hate* romance!

HOOLEY. True, my dear, true. But it cannot be helped. The Captain



came of age last week, and, by the terms of a death-bed pact, it seems he is obliged to marry you!

ROSE. Marry, indeed! Why *should* I marry? I've never yet *seen* the man that I'd marry!

HOOLEY. That is literally and figuratively true, my love. But you will see the Captain very shortly. He is due today, if I mistake not.

ROSE. He will be sorry he came!

HOOLEY (*looking at her admiringly*). You do yourself an injustice, my dear!

ROSE. Isn't there any way out of it? Can't we destroy the papers or something desperate like that?

HOOLEY. There *are* no papers! Simply a promise. The Captain's father promised his old friend, *your* father, when that same father of yours lay dying, that his son—the Captain—should marry *you* just as soon as the son came of age. You can destroy papers, my dear, but *not* a promise! So there you are, and you had better make up your mind to make the best of it.

ROSE. The best of it! That's the *worst* of it!

HOOLEY. After all, Capt. Pomeroy Worthington may prove a highly desirable husband.

ROSE (*scornfully*). Who ever heard of a highly desirable husband? They're only *that* before they ever become husbands! As for this Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, he's after my money, that's what *he* is! I wish that American rich uncle of mine had left his old money to an art gallery or something! Why *did* he leave it to me and not to cousin Betty, Mr. Hooley?

HOOLEY. Ah! It *was* a narrow escape, my dear! You see he left it all to the elder of his two nieces, and *you* happened to be the unfortunate victim!

ROSE. But Betty's birthday and mine are both on the same day and we were born in the same year!

No. 3. DUET (*Rose and Hooley*)

HOOLEY In eighteen-hundred and seventy-two,  
The twenty-fourth of May,  
There were two charming babies who  
Were born that self-same day.

ROSE And one was cousin Betty?

HOOLEY Yes! 'Tis just as you suppose!

ROSE The other new arrival was—

HOOLEY Yourself, my charming Rose!  
But you were born at five o'clock,  
'Tis thus Fate plays her tricks!  
Your cousin Betty was delayed  
Until the clock struck six!

TOGETHER Tick-tock, tick-tock.  
One-two-three-four-five!  
Tick-tock, tick-tock,  
Five saw (you)  
Five saw (me) arrive!  
Tick-tock, tick-tock,  
Here's the point that sticks:  
There was just a diff'rence petty  
'Twixt (yourself)  
'Twixt (myself) and cousin Betty,  
For Betty didn't show herself till six!

(*Enter Justin from Inn*)

HOOLEY. Ah, Mr. O'Flynn, resting today, I suppose!

ROSE. That pest of an attorney again!

JUSTIN. The law never rests, Mr. Hooley, so why should I? The law—but (*looking at Rose*)—this is no place for legal reflections!

HOOLEY (*aside*). I hope his reflections in regard to this young *lady* are legal, anyway; but his looks misgive me! (*To the others*) Well, your people, I must be going. Rose, I will be back soon. Entertain Mr. O'Flynn.

(*Hooley exits R. 3*)

JUSTIN. Ah, yes! If you cannot entertain my proposals, at least be charitable and try and entertain *me*!

ROSE (*scornfully*). Why do you persist in pestering *me* with your attentions, Mr. O'Flynn? Don't you know I am already betrothed?

JUSTIN. Alas, yes! But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip! You, who have rejected me so often, can surely reject your unseen affianced *once*! At least, let me continue to hope!

ROSE. That favor I cannot withhold. But I tell you your hope is hopeless. Now, go! (*Justin starts off*). Wait, I need your advice! (*He stops hopefully*). I will pay you for it.

JUSTIN. Pay me! Oh, cruel!

ROSE (*coldly*). It is legal advice I seek. Can you break a will?

JUSTIN. I *have* done such things.

ROSE. Oh, bother, I forgot. This isn't a case of a *will*. It's a *promise*. Can you break a *promise*?

JUSTIN. Not to *you*!

ROSE. Was there *ever* such a man? I want you to break a promise that was made by somebody *else* and that is causing *me* a great deal of annoyance. Can you *do* it?

JUSTIN. I—I—I don't understand—

ROSE. A pretty lawyer you are! (*Impatiently*). How much do I owe you for this consultation?

(*Justin, with a gesture of despair, exits L. 2*)

#### No. 4. SONG (*Rose*)

Was ever fate so cruel as mine?

My feelings I can't master.

Some wicked influence malign

Seems leading to disaster.

Oh, cousin Betty! Would that she

Were but a few hours older,—

She'd bear these trials cheerfully,

As I have often told her!

The poets write in reams and reams of measured rhyme

Of love and duty, and faith and beauty.

They seem to spend most of their efforts and their time

On themes romantic that drive me frantic.

Their heroes always "steal a heart away,"—

Which fits my own case nicely.

I have no heart to give to anyone,

(That states the truth precisely!)

If ever heart was stole away,

Ere love had time to tame it,—

That heart is mine, and come what may,

I still intend to claim it.

If Captain Pomeroy I wed,

I'll see that he's arrested

For thus receiving stolen goods,—

He'll not go unmolested!

(*recit.*) But, hark! I hear the crowd approaching.

I'll never let them see that I am worried.

Ah! 'Tis cousin Betty!

(*Music.* Enter Chorus, Betty in their midst. She runs forward to Rose in greeting.)

#### No. 5. CHORUS

Betty is a darling, Betty's full of fun,

Betty has a pair of eyes that smile on ev'ryone!

Betty's so good-natured, she never wears a frown,

Betty is the one and only lass of Limerick Town!



## THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN

(*Men only*) Ev'ry man among us, ev'ry single boy,  
Wants to marry Betty, sweet little Betty McCoy!  
(*Girls only*) If you marry Betty, what will become of us?  
(*Men only*) None of us can marry Betty, so girls, don't make a fuss!

*Omnes.*

Betty is a darling, Betty's full of fun,      *Etc.*

### No. 6. SONG (*Betty and Chorus*)

I've a big reputation for much animation,  
They say I am never at rest;  
I've even heard rumors that most of my humors  
Are the kind that most people like best!  
Folks all like me around 'em, that's 'cause I have found 'em  
Agreeable and pleasant to me;  
Oh, it's easy to get on with folks who are set on  
Contriving how sweet they can be!  
Still, I'm glad that I'm Betty McCoy

*Chorus*      —McCoy!

I'm glad I'm a girl, not a boy!

*Chorus*      —a boy!

"I love you, mavourneen!" said someone this mornin',  
To hear 'em just say it was joy!

*Chorus*      —Joy, joy!

Life isn't all sunny, or honey, or money,  
In gold there is often alloy!

But enjoy all the zest of it, just make the best of it!

*Chorus*      Good for you, Betty McCoy!

(*Chorus repeats*)

*Chorus (last time)*      So says Miss Betty McCoy!

(*Exeunt Chorus*)

ROSE. Betty, dear, I'm so glad you are here at last! Betty dear, I'm in frightful distress. I'm going to get married!

BETTY. Oh, you *poor* thing!

ROSE. Captain Pomeroy Worthington is due almost at any moment. They say he has *got* to marry me!

BETTY. Poor fellow!

ROSE (*with rising inflection*). "*Poor fellow*"!

BETTY (*hastily*). I mean it's a shame you should have to marry somebody you don't care a rap about!

ROSE. Why, lots of husbands I know don't care a rap about their wives.

BETTY. But that's because they *are* their wives. They didn't feel that way about them *before* they were their wives!

ROSE. What are we—what am *I* going to do?

BETTY (*after a pause*). I have it! Let's change places. You be me and I'll be you!

ROSE. That isn't a bit original.

BETTY. I know it isn't. That's why the plan will probably succeed. You see, if *I* pretend to be *you*, he'll think *I* have the money, and of course, he'll fall in love with *me*!

ROSE. But what about *you*? You haven't seen him, either!

BETTY. What difference does that make? I *haven't* seen him, true! And if love really makes one blind, why, I never shall!

ROSE. The plan sounds feasible. I hate to do these stagey things, but I suppose there's no help for it.

BETTY. Remember, then, Rose, from this moment *I* am Rose and *you* are Betty. *I* have the money, and *you* have the inestimable privilege and pleasure of being a rank pauper!

ROSE (*ecstatically*). Ah, blessed poverty!

No. 7. DUET (*Betty and Rose*)

BETTY Behold in me a rich lady!  
 The gallants all will soon be kneeling at my feet!  
 ROSE In me you see grim poverty;  
 This sudden metamorphosis is quite complete!  
 BETTY Most people that I've met are always worrying about  
 Just how they'll spend the legacy they pray for.  
 That's a problem I shan't try to solve,  
 For on my husband will devolve  
 The pleasant task of spending all I pay for!  
 BOTH Oh, a lack of humor surely you display  
 If you're stuck up because you're rich!  
 For when with money you are blessed,  
 You seldom get a moment's rest,  
 Altho' to spend it all you simply itch!  
 But you can't make up your mind to  
 Spend it wisely, and you find, too,  
 That it doesn't buy the things you want the most;—  
 Whereas folks who're penniless  
 Never suffer such distress,—  
 What they *own*, not what they *have*, is all their boast!  
 (DANCE)

(*Enter Judge Hooley, Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin*)

HOOLEY. Ah, girls! Here you are together! Betty's smile, I see, is infectious; for you, too, look happy, Rose!

BETTY. Why, am I not *usually* happy?

HOOLEY. Of course you are, my love. I was addressing myself to Rose, not you!

BETTY. But I *am* Rose, sir!

ROSE. And I, sir—at your service!—am Betty!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Hoity, toity! What are we coming to? Surely their heads are not turned!

JUSTIN. I much fear a plot. *What*, in the language of the bar, is their little game?

HOOLEY. As usual, Mr. O'Flynn, you have summed the situation up with the nicety of a truly legal mind! My dears,—(*turning to Rose and Betty*)—what is your little game?

No. 8. QUINTET (*Betty, Rose, Mrs. O'Flynn, Hooley and Justin*)

ALL Hey-diddle-diddle, oh, here is a riddle,—  
 Can any one guess at the answer?  
 Such plain contradiction resembles the fiction  
 Of some literary romancer!  
 These mixed-up relations require lots of patience,  
 But doubtless there's sense at the bottom;  
 Many answers to puzzles demand mental tussles,  
 Though they're simple as day when you've got 'em!

HOOLEY My charming wards, I do implore—

MRS. O'FLYNN They make me sore!

JUSTIN What's all this for?

HOOLEY Won't you explain this mystery?

MRS. O'FLYNN It's Greek to me!

JUSTIN As you may see!

ROSE They seem quite hopelessly nonplussed!

BETTY Explain we must!

ROSE 'Tis only just!

BETTY We have really no objection

& ROSE To explain in this connection,



- For there's nothing in our scheme you need distrust!  
 Rose is Betty and Betty is Rose,  
 That's the secret we now disclose.
- ROSE I'm poor Betty 'cause I don't itch  
 To be married just because I'm rich!
- BETTY I am Rose, with her bank account,  
 Simply to make the Captain mount  
 High on the ladder of expectancy,  
 Thinking, poor fellow, that he'll marry *me*!
- HOOLEY, MRS. O'FLYNN  
 & JUSTIN Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!  
 Clever little girlies, to be sure!  
 Such a plan was never tried before!
- ROSE Please remember I am Bet!
- BETTY I am Rose,—now, don't forget!
- ALL We must never that important fact ignore!  
 Fact ignore! Nevermore!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!
- HOOLEY Haw! haw! haw!
- ALL Clever little girlies, to be sure.  
 Such a plan was never tried before!
- (*business*) Rose is Betty and Betty is Rose,—  
 That's the way the story goes!
- BETTY. It's all perfectly simple!
- ROSE. And it is all simply perfect!
- MRS. O'FLYNN. I think it is all perfectly *disgraceful*!
- JUSTIN. Why, mother, it isn't as bad as that. Perhaps Rose will marry *me*, after all, now that she is poor!
- ROSE (*with a toss of her head*). Just because I'm a poor girl doesn't prove that I'm a poor *chooser*, Mr. O'Flynn.
- JUSTIN. Crushed again!
- HOOLEY. Well, it beats *me*! And so you think the Captain will fall in love with Betty, do you?
- ROSE. He will naturally devote all his attention to her, even if he doesn't fall in love with her!
- BETTY. Yes. He *has* to, you see. He'll think I'm Rose, and it's Rose *he* is promised to! Moreover, as Rose has the money, that settles it. Oh, yes,—he's *bound* to fall in love with Rose!
- MRS. O'FLYNN. Artful girl! (*Aside*) I wonder if she really *does* mean Rose!
- ROSE. Come on, "Rose"! We had best be preparing to meet this gay adventurer!
- BETTY. Ha, ha! Come on, then, "Betty"! What fun!
- (*Betty and Rose run off, laughing, R. 3. The other three stand staring at each other.*)
- JUSTIN (*lugubriously*). Ha, ha! What fun!
- MRS. O'FLYNN (*scornfully*). Hee, hee! What fun!
- HOOLEY (*doubtfully*). Ho, ho! What fun!

No. 9. TRIO (*Hooley, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn*)

It's a world of contradictions and of paradoxes, too;  
 Youth is foolish, youth is wise,  
 Youth sees things with diff'rent eyes.  
 Age is often foolish also, but 'tis mostly serious,  
 And the ways of younger folk sometimes seem mysterious!

Oh, when eyes are dimming fast with age,  
 When the turning gray's begun,  
 They look ahead with a sort of dread,  
 But the young folks cry, "What fun!"  
 Oh, happy, happy Youth that always  
 Trouble seems to shun,—  
 Age envies you, and wishes, too,  
 That it could say, "What fun!"

(DANCE and Exeunt, L. 1)

(Enter Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, L. 3)

POM. So this is Limerick Town! And that's the Inn! Good! I like an inn. Makes things sociable. This is a queer errand I'm on, and I'm not so sure that I like it. The fact is, I don't want to get married. What have I ever done that I should be afflicted with a wife? A wife's an affliction and, in my case, an infliction as well! What if Rose is cross-eyed and pug-nosed? What if the only thing that is beautiful about her is her bank account? And yet I cannot believe that in a country as beautiful as Ireland, there can be any but pretty girls! Whoever heard of an ugly Irish girl? The thing's impossible!

No. 10. SONG (Capt. Worthington)

There's a spot in the world that is always green,  
 And green is its mem'ry, too!  
 'Tis the fairest of gardens that eye hath seen,  
 All set in an ocean blue.  
 Oh, the dancing eyes set the heart aflame,  
 And the rosy cheeks put the dawn to shame,—  
 For an Irish girl is not the same  
 As other girls are to you!  
 Picturesque, romantic Ireland,  
 Well-belov'd, much-to-admire land!  
 'Neath your sunny skies so blue,  
 I could live my whole life through!  
 Tender thoughts of dear old Erin  
 O'er the world your sons are bearin',—  
 Ireland dear, my heart's for you,—  
 May your troubles soon be few!  
 Oh, I've travelled far and I've travelled fast,  
 O'er valley and dale and down;  
 And I've come to the parting of ways at last—  
 Success may my wand'rings crown!  
 For I've come in search of a jewel rare,  
 And I wonder whether for me she'll care—  
 Will I find her free? Will I find her fair?  
 This lass of Lim'rick Town!

(Chorus enter, R. and L., during the singing of the last line or two of the song. At the conclusion of the Refrain, Chorus repeats the singing of "Picturesque, romantic Ireland," etc.)

POM. Ah, here are some of the Irish girls, by my soul! Glad to meet you, my dears! (He bows to them with a flourish.)

A GIRL. Welcome to our city, sir! (Curtseying.)

A MAN. An' what may you be after, sir?

POM. Well, candor compels me to admit that I'm after a wife. I am to marry Miss Rose McCoy!

ALL. It is the Captain!

POM. Yes, it is the Captain. And—(hesitatingly)—is Rose among you?

A GIRL. There is none so fair as Rose among us, sir!

POM. (enthusiastically). By Jove, then Rose must be fair indeed! But where may I find her, good people?

A GIRL. Since you ask, I would say—speaking of angels—here she comes! (She looks off R., as do all the others.)



## No. 11. CHORUS.

Watch him greet his bride-to-be,  
 Watch her cheeks grow rosy!  
 Unlike modern lovers, he  
 Don't look dull and prosey!  
 Greet the bridegroom, greet the bride  
 On this happy morning!  
 Ah, the blush she cannot hide,  
 Her fair cheek adorning!  
 Hither comes the bride to be;  
 Watch her cheeks grow rosy red.  
 See him greet her happily,  
 He the man she soon will wed!  
 He the lover, she the maid,  
 That's the way the world goes 'round;  
 He emboldened, she afraid,  
 Till each other's heart they've found.  
 Happy lovers! Happy lovers!  
 Time discovers each a mate!  
 Hither comes the bride-to-be,—  
 Kismet! Kismet! It is fate!

(Enter Rose, Betty and Judge Hooley, R. 3)

ROSE. It is he!

BETTY. Ssh! Remember!

POM. (bowing). Judge Hooley, I believe?

HOOLEY. The same. And you, sir?

POM. Capt. Pomeroy Worthington, at your service!

HOOLEY (aside). Good! If looks count for anything, they're in his favor.  
 (To Pom) I am glad to meet you, sir. Here are my two wards,—this is Rose  
 (indicating Rose)—ah, er—I mean, this is Rose (indicating Betty, who curtsies)—  
 and this (indicating Rose, who also curtsies) is Betty! (aside) Whew! (mops  
 his brow) It's the hardest task in the world to be a good liar!

POM. (bowing). This is indeed a pleasure, ladies. (To Betty) And so you  
 are Rose? (aside) Charming! Excellent! She'll do! But just the same, I—  
 (turning to them) Ladies, will you and the Judge join me in a little cooling  
 refreshment, just to break the ice, as it were?

HOOLEY. We do not take ice in ours, Captain!

POM. (turning to crowd). Be my guests on this happy occasion! (Leading  
 the way with Betty to the Inn) I ask you all to join me!

HOOLEY. In that case, as the indoor accommodations are limited, sir, they  
 had best go 'round to the garden and enjoy your hospitality *al fresco*.

POM. By all means.

(Exeunt all, L., except Pom and Betty. He offers her his arm. She takes  
 it. They pause at the Inn door.)

POM. And so you are really Rose?

BETTY. Yes! Do you like me?

POM. (warmly). Rather! (They go into the Inn.)

(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn and Justin from House, L.)

MRS. O'FLYNN. My son, you will have to look to your laurels! I saw  
 the Captain from the window, and he's a likely young fellow indeed!

JUSTIN. What do I care, mother? It would be all the same were he as  
 poor in looks as Betty is in purse. He's got to marry Rose, and that's all there  
 is to it.

MRS. O'FLYNN. Yes, but if the girls really succeed in carrying out their  
 plan, he will marry Betty, thinking she is Rose!

JUSTIN. Then I shall be obliged to bring a suit to annul such a marriage!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Indade! And on what grounds?

JUSTIN. On the grounds that I need a fee badly. But come on, mother,  
 we must join the merry throng and see what is doing!

(*As they exit, R. 3, noise of merrymakers heard from rear of Inn.*)

(*Enter Capt. Worthington, from Inn.*)

POM. Too much toasting for me! I must have time to collect my breath and my thoughts. And so! They think they've fooled me, do they! They're not as smart as they're pretty. Let's see,—*what* did father say? "Be careful of their tricks, my lad," says he, "and be sure that you get *mixed up with the right girl!*" Mixed up! I should say so! I'll bet they've changed places and names, both of 'em! Why wouldn't they? All the circumstances of this romantic engagement encourage the fact that they *should*. All right. Let's see! I have to marry Rose—sacred promise, and all that sort of thing—besides, our family needs the money. Well, then, Rose is the one I must make up to! So I'll have to switch my eyes from Betty to Rose,—or rather, from Rose to Betty. Oh, confound it! This is very confusing! Anyhow, *one* thing is clear. I *like* Betty, who says she's Rose—and I'll swear *isn't!*—and I wish I could believe she is Rose! But, no, no! I'm too smart for that! I must transfer all my attentions to the other—to Rose, the *real* Rose—the Rose with the bank-roll. Ah, she comes!

(*Enter Rose, from Inn*)

ROSE. We were looking for you, Capt. Worthington.

POM. Don't call me "Capt. Worthington", Betty! Call me "Pom."

ROSE. It sounds so absurd.

POM. I know it. But you'll get to like it when you get to like *me!*

ROSE (*aside*). Very forward, I must say! (*To him*) Had you not better keep such confidences for my cousin Rose, sir, to whom you are betrothed?

POM. (*aside*). Ah, she's clever! But she can't fool me! (*To her*) But, Betty, I can't help loving you, somehow. Your style of *beauty*, your *possessions*—

ROSE (*astonished*). My *possessions!*

POM. (*hastily*). I mean your *graces*, your *excellencies*, your *eyes*, your *hair*, your *smile*, and all that sort of thing, dont-you-know!

ROSE. Oh!

POM. Your cousin, of course, is charming—very charming, no doubt!—but,—

ROSE. But, Capt. Worthington, you have got to marry *her*. You have no choice.

POM. (*indignantly*). No choice! Must filthy lucre, then, take precedence over a loyal heart? Must I marry Rose and her money to fatten my *bank account* and lose *you* and your beauty to starve my very *soul*?

ROSE (*aside*). He speaks beautifully! But I don't believe a word of it! There's something underlying all this. (*To Pom*) Come, sir, you had better rejoin your guests. (*She goes into Inn. The Captain follows her.*)

(*Enter Betty, R. 3*)

BETTY. Ah, me! What a splendid fellow he is! I wonder if Rose likes him as much as I do? And I wonder if he really *will* fall in love with me, thinking I am Rose? Why, that would be dreadful! He'd even want to *marry* me, I suppose, and I wouldn't know whether it was I or the money he was after! Ah, well, let's hope he will *really* fall in love with the *real* Rose, and so satisfy his heart and his pocket-book at the same time. (*She turns toward Inn, listening to the sounds of revelry. Then she runs to the door and collides with Pom., who is again coming out.*)

POM. Ah, here you are, Rose! We've been looking for you! (*She tries to pass him*) No! Come here! I want to tell you something, Rose!

No. 12. DUET (Capt. Worthington and Betty)

POM.

Oh, Rose, you cannot close your ears,

For have I not the right, dear,

To say it certainly appears

We're in an equal plight, dear?

It seems I have to wed you, Rose,—



BETTY

And is that such a task, sir?  
Perhaps you wish me dead,—who knows!  
What is it you would ask, sir?

POM.

Your eyes are bright, your face is fair to see!  
I'm wond'ring if you'd really like to be  
The wife of him who sings this song to you!  
If he should ask you now to answer "Yes",—what would you do?

BETTY

What could I do, what could I say?  
The whole thing's cut and dried, sir;—  
Though at the prospect yesterday  
I almost could have died, sir!  
But for release in vain I sighed,—

POM.

I swear by Heav'n above you,  
I'm half persuaded now that I'd  
Not find it hard to love you!

TOGETHER

(My ) (my )  
(Your) eyes are bright, (your) face is fair to see!  
(He's) (I'd )  
(I'm ) wond'ring if (she'd) really like to be  
The wife of him who woos with ardor young,—  
The answer must be left unsaid, although the song is sung!

*(During the last four lines of the Duet, Justin has entered, but steps back quickly into the porch and watches them surreptitiously. Capt. Worthington and Betty exit R. 3, and Justin steps out.)*

JUSTIN. Upon my word, I believe the man is making *real* love to Betty! A pretty hole he'll find himself in with his father if he does. *(Producing a letter)* Here's a letter from the old gentleman. *(Reads the address)* "Capt. P. Worthington, care of Justin O'Flynn, Esquire, Attorney." Good! I see a fee out of the case yet! Well, this looks as if it might be important. I'll not give it to him now. *(Looks towards Inn)* He might lose it.

*(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn from Inn)*

MRS. O'FLYNN. Come, son, I'm a little tired. Take me home.

JUSTIN. Very well, mother. *(Takes her arm and sees her to door.)* Take this letter and put it in a safe place. Maybe there's money in it.

MRS. O'FLYNN *(looking at it)*. As it isn't addressed to us, there probably is! *(She goes into house with the letter. Justin goes back stage towards R. 3, and stays there half-concealed.)*

*(Enter Pom. and Rose from Inn)*

ROSE. But I tell you, you are wasting your time! How dare you make love to me when it is my cousin Rose you are to marry?

POM. That's why I'm making love to *you*! You see, I want to make Rose jealous. If a girl isn't jealous, she can't really love a fellow, you know.

ROSE. Are you *sure* that is your only object? Are you *sure* you're not in earnest with me?

POM. You *know* I am obliged to marry Rose, so why should I *not* be in earnest with you?

ROSE *(perplexed)*. Really, I'll be wondering who I *am* in a minute. This thing is setting me crazy. *(To Pom)* Why don't you put things more plainly, Capt. Worthington?

POM. Since you wish, my charming Betty, I *will* put things plainly. If you were Rose, would you marry me if I asked you to?

ROSE. If I *were* Rose, I should *have* to, so why *ask* me?

POM. (*triumphantly*). Exactly! I don't *have* to ask. I take it for granted you will marry me because you *have* to!

ROSE. Of course,—er, that is to say, if I *were* Rose!

POM. (*aside*). She *is*! I'm positive of it! The money's safe. I wish I was! (*To Rose*) And tonight we will settle matters formally with everybody, and straighten this thing all out, and—(*While he is speaking, he is leading Rose off until they exit together, L. 3.*)

JUSTIN (*coming forward*). The plot thickens. I wish I could fathom that captain's game. But a lawyer knows nothing unless he's paid for it.

(*Enter Pat from Inn*)

PAT. Oh, Mr. O'Flynn! Such doings! The brave captain has invited ivvrybody to sup with him tonight, at *my* inn and *his* expinse!

(*Enter Chorus, with Mike and Molly, followed by Judge Hooley, and Betty, R.*)

### No. 13. FINALE (*Act I*)

*Chorus*

Oh, Mr. O'Flynn, tonight at the inn,  
There'll be turkey and chicken and mutton;  
And of good things to drink there'll be plenty, we *think*,  
To satisfy any chance glutton.  
Apple pie and rice pudding and cheeses galore,  
The tables and side-board adorning;  
Oh, Mr. O'Flynn, tonight at the inn  
We'll join in the revels till morning!

PAT

Yes, yes! I'll show you all how I can cater!  
In such a role I am no small pertater!

*Chorus*

Hurrah! We'll see how Pat himself can cater!  
He says himself he is no second-rater.  
We'll not believe one moment he in such a role would prove to be  
A small and insignificant pertater!

JUDGE HOOLEY

We'll forget our woes and troubles,  
Problems all will be ignored;  
While his efforts Pat redoubles  
At the gay and festive board!

BETTY

Ah, my heart is beating faster!  
Though I know not why or how,  
I am fearful of disaster  
If our plan miscarries now!

(*Enter Pom and Rose, L. 1*)

ROSE (*going to Betty*) The man is proving most exasperating!

BETTY What is it, Beauty?

ROSE With ardor he keeps on expatiating  
About his duty!

He says he knows that it is Rose

He has come here to woo,—

So tell me why his ardent eye

Seems blind, my dear, to *you*?

Why does he seek to make himself

Agreeable to *me*?

BETTY

Perhaps he knows that I'm *not* Rose!

ROSE

Impossible!



POM.

Ah, see!

Such a dainty, pretty pair of most attractive cousins!  
 Can't deny how happy I with either one could be!  
 Girls I've seen by hundreds, girls by scores, and girls by dozens,  
 But I ne'er beheld a pair who looked so good to me!  
 But 'tis Rose I have to marry. Yet my task is not a light one;  
 Though both are fair as roses, I must exercise great care to pick the right one!

(Enter Mrs. O'Flynn from house, with letter)

MRS. O'FLYNN

A letter for you, Captain, from Sir Charles!

(Pom takes it)

POM.

Ah, yes! From dear old Dad!

(He tears it open and reads)

"My dearest Pomeroy, I take  
 My pen within my hand;  
 I trust this letter finds you well  
 In dear old Ireland.  
 Your mother says she'll come with me  
 To see what you are up to.  
 We'll bring the servants right along,  
 The tom-cat and the pup, too."

Chorus

That's nice! That's thoughtful!  
 They're going to bring the servants and  
 The tom-cat and the pup, too!

POM (*pretending to read on, but merely humming*)

"Um-m-m-m-m, Um-m-m-m-m \* \* \*"

Ah, no! I'll read the rest some other day.

It would not interest you! Let's be gay!

(He crushes the letter into his pocket, but it drops unseen by anyone except Molly, who picks it up surreptitiously during the singing that follows.)

JUDGE HOOLEY (*to Pom*)

Tonight, oh, gallant Captain, unless fatigue you tells on,  
 We'll all be at the Inn, young sir,—we'll all be there with bells on!

FULL CHORUS AND PRINCIPALS

Molly mine! Molly mine!

Etc.

(CURTAIN)

*End of Act I.*

## ACT II.

(Entrance Hall of Judge Hooley's home. Evening. The Judge is about to give a reception in honor of his ward's betrothal to Capt. Worthington. The scene should show an open fireplace, left, with doors R. 1, R. 2, L. 1, and L. 2. The front door is in the centre, with outer doors if there is sufficient stage room. Large window on either side of front door. When the curtain rises, the Judge with Rose and Betty, are discovered awaiting the arrival of their guests. These enter through front door in pairs at first and then in groups.)

## No. 14. OPENING SOLOS AND CHORUS.

HOOLEY (*looking at watch*) 'Tis nine o'clock. Our guests should be arriving!  
 But guests are always late.

Each fears to be the first, so each is striving  
 To see how long the other guest will wait.

BETTY

The ladies hate to leave the toilet table,  
 Though why they always linger, goodness knows!

ROSE They love to stay as long as they are able  
To put an extra dab of powder on their nose!  
HOOLEY Ah, here they come! (Enter 1st couple)  
Good evening, Miss O'Donnell!  
'Tis half an hour we've been expecting you!  
And you,—ah, yes! 'tis Mister Tim O'Connell,—  
How do you do! How do you do!  
ROSE and BETTY How do you do!  
(They all shake hands)

(As the next three couples arrive the same business is continued)

HOOLEY Well, well, here come Mister and Missus Granger!  
Right glad are we to welcome you to-night!  
BETTY Upon my word, dear madam, you're a stranger!  
ROSE To see you, Mister Granger, is delight!  
HOOLEY Oh, look who's here! 'Tis Maude and Fanny Dooley!  
How are you? And you, too, Dennis O'Day!  
Ah, now they come!

BETTY Yes, yes, the ice is broken!  
ROSE, BETTY and HOOLEY The night is fair; balmy the air,  
And things will soon be gay!

(As the guests continue to enter they start singing)

CHORUS

We're out to-night to enjoy ourselves,  
We're all dressed up in our best.  
With feasting we will employ ourselves,  
We'll tackle the food with zest.  
With dignity we'll comport ourselves,  
As we eat and drink to-night;  
For there're few things better, we've taught ourselves,  
Than a jolly good appetite!

MEN ONLY

Oh, we'll dance with the girls in an old quadrille,  
Of waltz and gavotte we will have our fill;  
And we'll keep up the fun all night until  
The sun is rising in the morning!

GIRLS ONLY

We will dance with you in the minuet,  
Of the lancers gay we will have a set;  
And we'll none of us go home, you bet,  
'Till the morrow comes a-dawning!

ALL

We're out to-night to enjoy ourselves,

Etc.

(Exeunt Chorus R. and L., with Judge Hooley)

ROSE. The captain's been here a week and he's still making love to me!  
BETTY (sighing). I can't understand it! (Aside) Making love to "Betty"! Ah, if only he were! (to Rose) What are we going to do about it? I'm afraid you'll have to marry him, after all, Rose!

ROSE. Well, that wouldn't be so bad if I really thought it was *me* he wanted to marry. But it isn't. It's my wretched money.

BETTY. How can you say that when he knows "Betty" has no money? He thinks you are Betty, and yet he goes on making love to you!

ROSE. But there's something about his love-making that doesn't strike me as just right, Betty.

BETTY (brightening). Yes? How, Rose?

ROSE. Well, I hardly know! It seems to me it's something like what's left in a bottle of milk after you've taken the cream off!

BETTY. You think his love *watery*, do you?

ROSE. I only know his ardor is *damp*. He looks at *you* sometimes, Betty, with a look that he never gives *me*!



BETTY (*demurely*). Oh, do you think so, Rose? Perhaps when he does that, he is wondering how he'll like "Rose" for a wife! (*Aside*) I *hope* so,—oh, I *hope* so! (*to Rose*) You mustn't forget that he thinks he has got to marry *me*—me, the false Rose!—and naturally he's trying to get used to it!

(*Enter Capt. Worthington, centre*)

No. 15. TRIO (*Betty, Rose and Capt. Worthington*)

POM. Good evening, ladies! Here I am,  
A trifle late, I must admit.

ROSE Oh, my! I wonder if he heard!

BETTY He really don't look fussed a bit!

POM. Pray, what were you two girls so busily talking about?

My ears are burning,—was it I you talked of?

BETTY and ROSE No doubt!

We were wond'ring whether you really knew  
Your own mind,—

POM. What a fall!

ROSE Also we wondered whether you  
Had any old mind at all!

ROSE and BETTY For a man in love should surely know  
Just how to go about it,—

POM. Confound my heart! My affairs would go  
Much better, I think, without it.

ALL THREE

Oh, the heart is no doubt necessary.

But occasionally it is very

Obtuse, unreliable,

Hardly so pliable

As one could wish it to be.

The mind that you keep in your attic

Could easily prove more emphatic

If it wasn't affected

By something connected

Elsewhere with your a-nat-o-my!

'Tis the heart! 'Tis the heart!

'Tis the heart that most people have need of.

When the Mind says, "Do *this*!" and the Heart says, "Do *that*!"

'Tis the heart you had better take heed of!

POM. Great news, girls! My father and mother arrive to-night. Now *nothing* will be wanting to complete the happiness of this occasion! Come, my bride-to-be, let us mingle with the guests! (*At the words, "bride-to-be," both Betty and Rose turn to him expectantly; then both laugh in embarrassment at their mistake. Pom continues, not noticing this action at all, apparently.*) Well, Rose, are you not coming? (*He looks directly at neither, but Rose starts forward, then recovers herself and bites her lip.*) (*Aside*) Ah, ha! What did I say all along? But I must keep this up for the present. It is too early to declare myself! (*To Betty*) Come, Rose! (*He gives Betty his hand, smiling, and they exit R. 2. Enter Molly, dressed as a waitress, L. 2.*)

ROSE. How vexing! I nearly gave myself away that time!

MOLLY (*approaching her*). Excuse me, Miss Rose. I don't *want* to see you give yourself away. That's why I'm here.

ROSE. If it isn't Molly! What are *you* doing here?

MOLLY. Helping wait on table to-night, miss. But—(*looking around*)—I'm worried.

ROSE. Worried?

MOLLY. Yes. I've been worried for a week, miss. Ever since I picked *this* up! (*Producing a letter.*)

ROSE (*looking at it*). Why, it's Capt. Worthington's letter! Have you read it, Molly?

MOLLY. Ye-e-e-s, miss!

ROSE (*sternly*). Why!

MOLLY. Oh, miss, because—because—oh, because I'm a woman, I suppose! (*naïvely*) All women are fond of reading!

ROSE. So you know the contents of this letter, do you? Are they important?

MOLLY. I think they're important to *you*, Miss Rose.

ROSE (*aside*). Well, I suppose I ought to find out what she knows in order to keep her from mischief. (*to Molly*) You may go, Molly. I will return this letter to the captain.

MOLLY. Very well, miss. But you'll read it, won't you?

ROSE (*with dignity*). I, too, am a woman, Molly!

(Exit Molly, L. 2)

(Rose takes letter from envelope and proceeds to read to herself humming to the music theme that accompanies this action. Music ceases.)

ROSE. \* \* \* What's this? (*she reads aloud*) “\* \* \* Be sure and keep your eye on the right girl, my son. Don't be fooled by any nonsense the cousins may try on you. Doubtless, like all young women whose heads are full of romantic nonsense, they will change places or something of that sort and pretend to be other than they are. But I trust to your good sense, which you inherited from your father, to avoid getting mixed up with the wrong one. Your unerring instinct will tell you which is the girl with the money, anyway. That is the girl for you, my boy, and don't you forget it.” (*Rose sinks into a chair*) Oh, this is dreadful! This is positively insulting! (*Capt. Worthington enters quietly, R. 2, stops and listens*). So he is after my money! I knew it all the time! He doesn't care a rap about me; it's all the miserable money!

POM. (*coming to her*). Why, Betty! (*Rose starts*). How can you say that? Have I not made love to you, Betty?

ROSE (*indignantly*). Made love to me! To my money, you mean, sir!

POM. But, Betty, you *haven't* any money! It is Rose who has the money, isn't it?

ROSE (*confused*). Oh, what am I saying? This is dreadful! Sir, I will have nothing more to do with you! I will *never* marry you! If it be money you are after, confine your attentions to my cousin Rose! As you yourself have reminded me, it is Rose who has the money,—not Betty! Now, go!

POM. (*politely*). Then I have your permission to make my addresses to your cousin?

ROSE. My permission is unnecessary. You are *obliged* to do so! In case you forget that obligation, here is your letter, sir! (*She gives it to him; he takes it, smiling*) Go to your Rose, Captain, and let us hope you'll find no thorns! (*She exits hurriedly, R. 1.*)

POM. Phew!! I'm glad *that's* over! It was positively disagreeable. And now for my Betty! Ah, Betty, if I leave Ireland without you, 'twill not be for long! I shall hear you calling me to come back!

No. 16. SONG (*Capt. Worthington*)

“Come back, beloved,” a soft voice is calling,

Calling to me in the silence of night.

Memory's echoes are rising and falling,—

I see your smile like a vision of light!

Why did I wander away from my loved one?

Here among strangers my heart's sad and lone.

Far, far away, dear; night-time and day, dear,

I hear you pleading to come back, my own!

“Come back, beloved,” your soft voice is calling,

Calling me home to be with you once more;

Hopes now are rising that long have been falling,—

“Come back, beloved!”—I hear you, asthore!

(Enter Betty, L. 1.)

POM. Ah, Rose! How beautiful you look to-night!



BETTY (*cheerfully*). Do I?

POM. Do you know, Rose, I'd like to ask you a question!

BETTY. All right! What is it?

POM. Will you marry me, Rose?

BETTY (*startled*). Oh! (*aside*) Now what am I going to say? Who am I? He thinks I'm Rose, after all. If I say "Yes", it will get him in trouble. If I say "No", it will spoil the plan!

POM. (*taking her in his arms*). Do you love me, Rose?

BETTY. Betty loves you! (*Justin is seen, L. 2. He hesitates.*)

POM. But do you love me?

BETTY (*struggling*). Betty loves you, I said!

POM. Then you are Betty, are'n't you?

BETTY (*suddenly*). Yes!

POM. Oh, joy! Say it again, then!

BETTY. "Betty loves you!"

POM. And you'll marry me?

BETTY (*ruefully*). I suppose I'll have to, now!

(*Justin comes forward from L. 2*)

JUSTIN. Congratulations, young people! Sir,—(*to Pom*)—you have done me a good turn!

POM. And you, sir, have given me a good turn, I do assure you! Were you watching us?

JUSTIN. I do not believe in interrupting a good thing. But mum's the word!

(*Enter Hooley, Mrs. O'Flynn and Chorus, R. 1 and R. 2*)

HOOLEY. It is too bad that Maggie Maguire isn't here. Poor girl! She must have suffered terribly.

MRS. O'FLYNN. What happened to her, Judge?

HOOLEY. Alas! What has *not* happened to her!

No. 17. SONG (*Judge Hooley with Chorus*)

Oh, listen to a tale of woe,  
Of fate so grim and dire;  
It's all about a girl you know—  
Poor skinny Mag Maguire.  
Her lover came to her to-day  
And said, "Farewell, ashore!"  
What could she do, what could she say?  
She certainly felt sore.  
She fell in twenty kinds of fits,  
And then she pulled herself to bits.

(*spoken*) Thus:

She flung her arms to Heaven above,  
She snapped her teeth till they cracked;  
In grim despair, she tore her hair,  
Then she lost her head, that's a fact.  
She tossed her chin far in the air,  
She lost her self-control;  
She cast her eyes down on the floor,—  
You could see them fall and roll.  
At last she broke off suddenly,  
Just where, I cannot say;  
And then she broke her heart because  
She'd thrown herself away!  
Oh, poor Maggie Maguire,—  
Trouble for Maggie now ceases!  
They got out the broom and they swept up the room  
When Maggie Maguire went to pieces!

(*Chorus repeats*)

*(The outer door-bell rings violently)*

HOOLEY. Ah, more arrivals! Let 'em all come!

MRS. O'FLYNN. Who can it be?

POM. It must be father!

BETTY. Oh, dear, whatever will I do now?

*(Enter Rose, R. 2)*

ROSE *(to Hooley)*. There's a coach and four outside, and servants and baggage and I don't know what! *(To Pom)* I hope you're satisfied, sir! *(Betty clings to Pom)* Don't cling to a broken reed, Betty dear!

JUSTIN. Broken promise, I should say!

*(Enter, through front door, Mr. Partington, Mr. Smith and men servants of Sir Charles, one of whom carries a cat, and another a small dog.)*

# No. 18. ENSEMBLE

SMITH and PARTINGTON

Sir Charles and Lady Worthington

In Limerick have arrived.

Her ladyship the ocean voyage

Has happily survived.

It's true when she was on the boat,

So bitter was her cup,

She said, "My plan is all awry,

I think I'll throw it up!"

But she didn't!

SMITH

PARTINGTON

BOTH

No, she didn't!

And that is why you see

The coachman and the butler and

All the rest of the familiee!

MEN SERVANTS CHORUS Oh, Yes! Yes! Yes!

That is just why you see

The coachman and the butler and

All the rest of the familiee!

FULL CHORUS

That's nice! That's thoughtful!

They've brought their blooming servants and

The tom-cat and the pup, too! *(Business)*

PARTINGTON

With measure grave and dignified,

With aspect woe-begone,

Due to the tossing on the Channel-crossing,

Comes Lady Worthington!

SMITH

With pompous pride and smiling face,

To greet his only son,

Hale and hearty, to this festive party

Comes Sir Charles Worthington!

MEN SERVANTS CHORUS With pompous pride and smiling face,

To greet his only son,

Hale and hearty, to this festive party

Comes Sir Charles Worthington,—

FULL CHORUS

Sir Charles and Lady Worthington!

*(Enter Sir Charles and Lady Worthington, through front door)*

HOOLEY. Welcome,—thrice welcome!

POM. Hello, Dad! Glad to see you, mother!

*(The Chorus and all Principals, except Pom, Sir Charles, Lady Worthington and Betty, gradually exeunt, all entrances R. and L., after singing ceases on No. 18.)*

SIR CHARLES. Well, my son, and so this is your promised bride?

POM. This is she! *(He presents Betty.)*



LADY W. Very creditable, I am sure!

SIR CHARLES. You lucky dog! What a charming creature! Really, these Irish are worth cultivating!

LADY W. And such a house, too! I thought Ireland was all bogs and discontent!

SIR CHARLES (*to Pom.*). You've got it all fixed up, my boy? You made no mistake?

POM. No mistake! Look at her! Rich in beauty, rich in youth, rich in love,—

SIR CHARLES (*slyly*). \* \* \* and rich in wealth, eh, Pom? Ah, you sly dog!

POM. Well, as to that—(*hesitating*)—I haven't given it much thought.

SIR CHARLES. *What!* Don't tell me you've been too busy with her *figure* to pay any attention to her *figures*!

BETTY (*interposing*). Oh, Sir Charles, I am as poor as a church mouse!

SIR CHARLES. No, no, my love! That's your coyness!

LADY W. (*comfortably*). We know *all* about it, Rose!

BETTY (*impetuously*). But I'm *not* Rose! I'm only Betty! Pom, tell them!

POM. Well, the fact is, father, that Rose turned me down, and as I was really in love with Betty here all the time, I was glad of it, don't you know!

SIR CHARLES. But the money, my boy,—the money!

POM. The money, father, can go hang!

SIR CHARLES (*wrathfully*). And so, by Christopher, can *you*! What time's the next boat back?

BETTY. Oh, Pom, see what you've done!

POM. There, there! Never mind, Betty! Let's go to the library. I want to consult an important book.

SIR CHARLES. What book, sir?

POM. The time-table, father! It is the least I can do for you!

(*He takes Betty by the hand and leads her off, R. 1*)

No. 19. DUET (*Sir Charles and Lady Worthington*)

BOTH We braved the rolling ocean billows  
When we crossed the Channel to come over here;  
Would that we'd stayed among the pillows  
In our house in London damp and drear!

LADY W. In this fiasco we must remember  
To maintain our old *sang froid*!

SIR CHARLES But, my dear lady, permit me to say  
I cannot help but feel annoyed.

BOTH Youth undutiful is not beautiful,  
We detest it all things above;  
And our attitude towards ingratitude  
Is as frowning as it is towards love.

LADY W. We must be magnanimous!

SIR CHARLES What is love, my dear, to us?  
Plans frustrated, we're check-mated,—  
Pom should have been more solicitous!

BOTH Youth undutiful is not beautiful,  
We detest it all things above;  
But of things that irritate and exasperate,  
Worst of all is the thing called Love!

(DANCE)

(*Sir Charles and Lady W. exeunt L. 1. Enter Hooley and Rose, R. 2*)

HOOLEY. My dear, I feared all along that this deception would end disastrously.

ROSE. But, my dear, Mr. Hooley, you would not have me marry a man I don't love!

HOOLEY. (*doubtfully*) No-o-o-o!

ROSE. And, besides, *he* didn't even love *me*!

HOOLEY. Well, then, there's no love lost between you, which is well. But now what is going to become of the Captain and poor Betty? He can't marry her without a cent between 'em, and the modern stomach cannot subsist on bread and cheese and kisses!

ROSE. *They* wouldn't be able to buy even the bread and cheese! I have it, Mr. Hooley! I will settle half my fortune on Betty the day she marries! I owe her that much for getting me out of a very disagreeable hole!

HOOLEY. That is kind and generous of you, my dear. But,—well, sir, what do you want? (*Partington has entered through front door and stands stiffly before Hooley.*)

PARTINGTON. Beg pawdon, yer washup, but there's a party just drove up in a keb that's arskin' for Judge 'Ooley.

HOOLEY. Who can it be, at this hour?

PARTINGTON. E's a hold gent with whiskers, yer washup, and speaks with a haccent.

HOOLEY. Oblige me by showing him in.

(*Enter Ezra Q. Hicks through front door. He is dressed in exaggerated Yankee farmer style, with a Prince Albert coat that is green and shiny with age, and a rough stove-pipe hat.*)

HICKS. He don't hev to, by heck! Here I *am*!

HOOLEY. You are welcome, sir, though it is my misfortune that we have been strangers thus far!

HICKS. I've heer'd o' ye, though, Jedge! P'raps ye've even heer'd o' me! —Ezra Q. Hicks, by hen, re-tired farmer an' bustin' with wealth.

(*During the singing of this song, the members of the Chorus come on gradually, all entrances. They all evince much interest in the new-comer.*)

#### No. 20. SONG (*Ezra Q. Hicks*)

Oh, a farmer's life is a life of strife,  
But it's very much worse for the farmer's wife!  
Which is how I account for the fact that I  
A lonesome bachelor will surely die,  
But I've saved my money and here I am,  
A loyal nephew of your Uncle Sam!  
I've dollars and dollars and dollars to spend,  
An' I'm going to have a good time to the very end!

So, hip-hurray for E. Q. Hicks!  
The well-known farmer with the spondulix.  
I didn't get my dough from the po-ta-to,  
But I struck a bit o' luck in Eighty-Six.  
I never got nuthin' fer all my toil,  
Till the farm one day started spurtin' oil.  
That's why folks point to E. Q. Hicks  
As the well-known farmer with the spondulix.

One morning I went forth to plow,  
An' to coax some milk from my one lean cow,—  
When a feller in a buggy comes drivin' by,  
An' he caught my fancy an' he caught my eye.  
An' he sez, sez he, "Here's a pile o' dough,  
I'll buy your old farm, an' on shares we'll go!"  
So the wells we sunk,—and the oil come out,—  
Oh, a farmer's life is the life, no doubt!

So, hip-hurray for E. Q. Hicks,

*Etc.*

HOOLEY. Very well, Mr. Hicks. This—(*turning to Rose*)—is—

HICKS. I'll bet my bottom dollar that's Rose McCoy!

HOOLEY. It is, Mr. Hicks, but—(*he pauses in astonished inquiry.*)

HICKS. I knowed her at oncet by the likeness to her mother!



ROSE. My mother!

HICKS. Yes, yer mother, bless her heart! I knoo her an' reklect her well. I'm travellin' a bit to re-kooperate in me old age, an', passin' through Ireland, jest to see ef 'twuz as green as it's sung up to be, thought I'd call at Limerick an' pay my respects to her darter, Rose! An' here she is, by golly!

HOOLEY. This is indeed remarkable. But how—

HICKS. Easy as pie. Her rich old uncle was a pertickler friend o' mine. His sister—that's Rose's mother—came from the old country to Noo England to visit her brother. The baby was born on that visit, much to everyone's surprise an' delight. They named the baby Rose! My dear—*(to Rose)*—*how* you've growed!

*(Enter Sir Charles and Lady Worthington, R. 1)*

SIR CHARLES. Good-bye, Judge, we're through!

LADY W. We are much disappointed.

ROSE. I am very sorry.

*(Enter Pom, Betty, Justin and Mrs. O'Flynn, L. 2)*

SIR CHARLES. Well, it can't be helped! Call the cab!

HICKS. What's all this? Why the hurry?

ROSE. Oh, Mr. Hicks, it's all your friend my uncle's fault! He left me his money, and this gentleman here—*(indicating Sir Charles)*—wanted his son to marry me, and—

HICKS. Well?

HOOLEY. And the son fell in love with my *other* ward, Mr. Hicks. Here she is! *(He presents Betty.)*

HICKS. Well, what of it?

SIR CHARLES. Sir, since you are so curious, I will condescend to explain. This friend of yours, I understand, left his money to the elder of two nieces, and as Rose is the elder, *she* got the money. I promised *my* old friend, Donovan McCoy, when he lay dying, that my son should marry his daughter. His daughter is Rose McCoy. It is not *my* fault that your rich friend in America left *Rose* his money. It is merely—ahem!—an unfortunate coincidence!

HICKS. But *did* he leave Rose his money?

HOOLEY. Of course. She is the elder of the two.

HICKS. But *is* she the elder of the two? She don't look it.

ROSE *(curtseying)*. Thank you!

HICKS *(to Betty)*. What day wuz you born, miss?

HOOLEY. Betty was born on the 24th of May, 1872, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS. Strange! *(to Betty)* An' can you remember the hour?

HOOLEY. She can't, Mr. Hicks; but *I* can! It was six o'clock in the morning.

HICKS. It wuz, eh? Waal, let's see! *(He produces an old book, a diary, and fumbles in it)* I carried this here along thinkin' some of the records an' incidents an' sich might prove interestin'. It's my Diary fer 1872! *(He produces a newer book)* An' *this* is my Diary for this year! I never miss a day! Ah, yes; here we are! "May 24—Mrs. McCoy give birth to a darter at five o'clock this morning at her brother's home which she is visitin'. They're going to call the baby Rose."

HOOLEY. Your record is excellent, Mr. Hicks. It *was* five o'clock in the morning that Rose was born, as I myself have long known, and as she knows, too!

SIR CHARLES. That settles it, then! Rose wins by an hour. Sixty minutes between nothing and something, my dear! Come! *(He takes Lady W.'s hand as if to lead her off.)*

HICKS. Wait a bit! What time is it? *(He looks around.)*

HOOLEY *(consulting his watch)*. It is now ten minutes to twelve.

HICKS. An' what time would that be in Americky?

HOOLEY. Well, there's five hours difference in time. That would make it ten minutes to seven in the evening over in America, Mr. Hicks! Are you satisfied?

HICKS. You bet I am! Jist as I hoped! So,—if Rose was born in

Noo England at five o'clock in the morning, it was *ten* o'clock in the morning *here*, warn't it?

HOOLEY. Certainly!

HICKS. An' as *Betty* was born in Limerick at *six* o'clock that same morning, as the records prove, then *she* had been in the world just *four hours before Rose was born!*

SIR CHARLES. Heavens and earth! That is a fact!

HICKS (*turning to Betty*). So *you*, my dear, are the elder of the two nieces of my old friend and the money therefore belongs to *you!*

BETTY. Oh, Pom! Does it make any difference?

POM. My darling, no matter *how* rich you were, nothing could separate us now!

JUSTIN. Poor Rose!

ROSE (*smiling*). Poor indeed, Mr. O'Flynn! I'm afraid I shall have to go to law about it!

JUSTIN. In that case, come to *me*, Rose! I have always loved you, as you know! We will read the law together and in that way you will learn to love *me!* (*Rose goes to him and he kisses the tips of her fingers.*)

MRS. O'FLYNN. Bless you, my children!

SIR CHARLES. Send the cab away! My dear—(*to Lady W.*)—I think we shall stay, after all!

#### No. 21. DUET and FINALE

POM.

I love you little sweetheart, oh, I've loved you all the while!  
(*business*) I love your eyes, I love your hands, I love your sunny smile!

BETTY

I'm glad that I am Betty but, dear Pom, do you suppose  
That you'd have loved me quite as much if I'd been really Rose?

POM.

"A rose by any other name"—'tis that I'm thinking of!  
It's not the name,—'tis you yourself I love, I love, I love!

TOGETHER

It's love that makes the world go 'round,  
And puts things on the square!  
It's love that makes a story sound  
Agreeable anywhere!  
It's love that made this story whose  
Finale to-night we crown—  
And when they ask: "Whom did he choose?"  
Just say, "The Lass"—  
Just say, "The Lass"—  
"The Lass of Limerick Town!"

FULL CHORUS AND PRINCIPALS

It's love that makes the world go 'round,

*Etc.*

(CURTAIN)

*End of Opera*







